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NEW STATESMAN

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War of Nerves in the Middle East

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The Horn of War

The collapse and disintegration of the Ethiopian empire is not a matter of regret. Even those who defended Hailie Selassie in his epic fight against Mussolini could not condone his despotic methods of rule, let alone the extension of that rule to subject peoples in Eritrea and Western Somalia. The overthrow of his repulsive and corrupt government was good news at the time for all concerned. But, in a terrifyingly brief period, his successors are managing to perpetuate his mistakes and illusions. Under the leadership of a military junta which has already extinguished most of the original revolutionaries, Ethiopia persists in its imperial pretensions. The cost in life is appalling, and not even the most ardent pro-Ethiopian would deny that it depends almost exclusively for its continuation on the supply of arms from outside. The Russians have evidently staked everything on shoring up their improbable client, and helping her to achieve by modern weaponry what she could not hope to achieve through 'hearts and minds'.

Technically, under the statutes of the Organisation of African Unity, Somalia is the aggressor. There has until now been a written understanding that old colonial borders must be respected *de jure*. But the population of the Ogaden, or Western Somalia as it was, have never voluntarily accepted Ethiopian rule and have in effect endured the status of an occupied country. Self-determination is on their side, as it is with the Eritrean Liberation Front. The fact that all three parties to the conflict profess revolutionary Marxism, and that all have at one time or another been the favourites of the USSR, only shows how grisly and cynical is Russian policy in the area.

A great deal hinges on the outcome of this war, as scrutiny of the map will reveal. At stake, apart from the future of Ethiopia itself, is control of access to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. Ethiopia is fighting desperately because defeat would make her landlocked and impotent. Iran, Saudi Arabia and Egypt, now the cornerstones of *Pax Americana* in the area, are all discreetly backing the Somali cause. But so far, the overwhelming weight of foreign interference is from Moscow.

On both sides of the argument there are people drawing the wrong conclusions. Some see President Carter's reluctance to intervene as a symptom of the decline of the West, and manifest a curious form of envy at the vigour of the Russian intervention. This argument generally derives from the view that the Angolan war should not have been won by the MPLA, and forgets that only South African invasion could have forestalled that. Likewise, it tends to forget that just as the Portuguese were the originators of aggression in Angola, so it was the United States that until recently armed and upheld the Ethiopian regime. On the other side are those who fail to see that while the Russians and Cubans were cutting with the anti-imperialist grain in Angola, in Ethiopia they are cutting directly against it.

This tangle of hypocrisy need not be impenetrable. It would make an excellent change if there was some disinterested Western intervention in the Horn, aimed at upholding self-determination and not directed at securing Somalia as a puppet. (A role which, as the Russians found when they were booted out, the Somalis are unwilling to play to anybody.) The only alternative to such a policy is the supine and fatalistic one which hopes that the Russians will scorch their fingers again.

They may very well do so, but not before their advanced weaponry has torn great holes in the fabric and peoples of the area. All observers agree that the conscripted peasant armies of Ethiopia could not last in the field against more highly-motivated soldiers if they were not backed up in this way. If the USSR wants to assume the mantle of Mussolini in the region, there is no obligation on the part of the West to fold its arms. And since the Somalis have directly requested assistance, there is no question of an unwanted or peremptory Suez-type operation. If Dr Owen can spare the time from his fraternisations with the dictators of Guatemala, he should speak to Western foreign ministers along these lines.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

On the Home Stretch

Early this week a parcel arrived in David Steel's office. Steel did not like the look of it one bit, nor could he understand how it had got through the usual security procedures. However, after a while curiosity triumphed over caution and he undid the wrapping. Inside was a pair of pink bedsocks and a kindly note from Cyril Smith's mum – she had seen photographs of the barefooted Steel at the weekend, and was afraid he might catch his death.

There is little reason to suppose that the bedsocks had been soaked in acid – that they might turn out to be, as it were, the bedsocks of Nessus. No, this is one of those stories of which we find too few in the press nowadays, a story of genuine human feeling and warmth. We journalists tend – don't you think? I'm sure you do! – to overemphasise the bleak side of politics. We are always talking of crises and splits and gloom and doom. If only we stopped to think more often. If only we asked ourselves: 'Is there anything here that a timely pair of bedsocks wouldn't put right?' Imagine what a difference it would make, in, for instance, the Middle East.

Certainly in the Liberal Party all is sweetness and light. Christopher Mayhew had his way and got his special assembly, which he was able to address in the morning. Alas, he had made a rather characteristic bog-up over his business arrangements, so he wasn't able to attend the debate on the pact itself; but perhaps this was a good thing, since it is not particularly enjoyable to see some cherished project crumble into ruins. We may build sandcastles for the sole pleasure of watching their destruction by the tide. Special assemblies are a different matter.

From the start, on this occasion, it was clear that everyone was in a tremendously good mood. Oh, the journalists moaned a bit about having to be in Blackpool in January, and Jo Grimond refused to attend, and Steel himself was annoyed at having to go through the whole charade, and at having had his Christmas holiday spoiled by the task of nobbling the opposition. But these were trivial complaints. For the delegates it was a historic occasion (*wild applause*), 2,500/3,000 Liberals under one roof (*prolonged cheers*), the largest Liberal assembly ever (*standing ovation*)! There were cheers and ovations all round, for Steel, Thorpe, Smith and Mayhew – anyone who opened his mouth. And were they going to end the jolly old pact? Oh yes they were! Oh no they weren't! Oh yes they were . . .

Oh no they weren't, said Steel – at least, not yet. They had done well. They had not been betrayed by Labour. No promise had been broken, and this was not the time for them to withdraw from the deal. Later on in the year, perhaps (although the way the speech came out, Steel sounded rather firmer on this point than he had intended), but not now. It was fascinating to watch the way the boy leader dealt with the party, bringing them gently to order, reminding them of a few home truths, making the rebels and pessimists feel slightly ashamed of themselves. People were asking, said Steel, what's in it for us? But didn't they realise that this was precisely the sort of attitude that was wrong in politics today? Rather they should ask: what's in it for the country, *and us*? To ask what's in it for us is just plain greedy.

Having gained the moral advantage over his opponents, Steel found the rest of the going easy. The Blackpool special assembly was another stage in the transformation of the Liberals from the silly, naughty-naughty party into the boring virtuous one which Steel wants. He did not fraternise with the delegates. He did not travel on the ill-fated special train, as some of his colleagues advised. Nor did he imitate Jeremy Thorpe by giving a display of gymnastics, leaping dangerously over the orchestra pit. No, here was a man who had been – he didn't want to exaggerate it – somewhat wronged by the party. He was prepared to forgive and forget, but he did insist on a little common sense. And of course the Liberals, always keen on a new idea clasped common sense to their (often enormous) bosoms.

Then it was time to go back to London and ditch the Government in the Green Pound debate. A curious debate, in my view. As John Peyton put it: 'The green currencies are hardly the subject for light conversation.' And yet the occasion was not without interest. John Silkin and Peyton deserve each other as opponents on the front benches. They have a similarly nasty turn of phrase when the mood suits them, as it did on Monday night. As for the Tory argument, it was, being presented as an essentially protectionist case, at times rather un-Torylike. Peyton:

> Under the circumstances created by the Government's obdurate policy of refusing to devalue the green pound, the MCAs have reversed the natural order of things and countries with strong currencies have been protected from imports while those with weak currencies have been exposed. In other words, it has been exposure for the weak and protection for the strong – the very reverse of what one would wish.

I had always rather assumed that exposure for the weak, the first chapter of the Spartan Doctor Spock, was what Tories went in for. At all events, the Labour anger at their defeat by the united opposition had a certain synthetic quality. If the calculation was that, as Silkin put it, 'the people will remember where the blame lies when the prices go up in the shops,' and that this somehow diminished the importance of defeat, then the reasoning behind the calculation seems dangerous, to say the least.

By Tuesday however the defeat had been forgotten by the Left, and the impending guillotine on the European Bill had taken its place as the topic of conversation (along with speculation as to whether Dr Owen was, or was not, intending to betray Belize). Feelings ran high: it would be, after all, the last hurdle of the legislative year. After that, the Government, with the pact secure till July, would be on the home stretch. Yet, while the Liberals have lost (since they lost the regional list) their great enthusiasm for the Bill, the Left appear to have lost none of their loathing for it. Eric Heffer has been going round saying he will never talk to Michael Foot again. (Hard luck, Footy.) Foot argued at the PLP meeting that the party owed so much to Callaghan that they jolly well ought to support him. Callaghan said in effect – like it or lump it, I'm Prime Minister, I've said we're going through with this thing, so we're going through with it, so there. This so enraged Bryan Gould that he said: In that case, I might as well withdraw my motion. He was prevailed upon not to do so, and thus lost out, 2-1.

One rather wonders (presuming that the guillotine will have gone through by the time you read this) what there will be to talk about for the remainder of the session. After all, the timing of the general election is a topic easily exhausted: Healey has privately indicated October, which makes me think that it won't be till next year. Tony Benn, in a noble attempt to distract our attention and keep us amused, has made a speech to the effect that three weeks is far too short for an election campaign and that the time to begin the campaigning is now.

This very much reminds me of 1970 – a Government confident it has a winning Prime Minister, an Opposition worried about the poor showing of its leader, a certain lulling of the political senses, and Tony Benn trying to wake us up. A major platform of Benn's election campaign is supposed to be unemployment. A major platform of Mrs Thatcher's election campaign will also be unemployment. Healey on the other hand is rather sanguine about unemployment and says that it's going to go down.

I'm rather worried about unemployment.

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Ian Black

The War of Nerves

It was fun while it lasted, the four-day party in the marbled lobby of the Jerusalem Hilton Hotel. Egyptians and Israelis, old friends and veterans of the two-month old media extravaganza in the Middle East, clinked glasses to peace, interviewed each other endlessly and tried to fathom what their respective governments were up to, up there on the 21st floor. But, although it all looked just like old times, a throwback to that heady weekend in November, the two months that have passed since Sadat's visit to Jerusalem really seemed an age ago.

The negotiations hardly got off to an auspicious start. Before they began, and even before the newly appointed Egyptian Foreign Minister, Mohammed Kamel, took off from Cairo for Jerusalem, it seemed that they might be stillborn. Finally, though, the veiled threat from the US announcing that Vance was postponing his arrival, and hints that the Americans would be able to lean on the Israelis, sped the Egyptian delegation on its way.

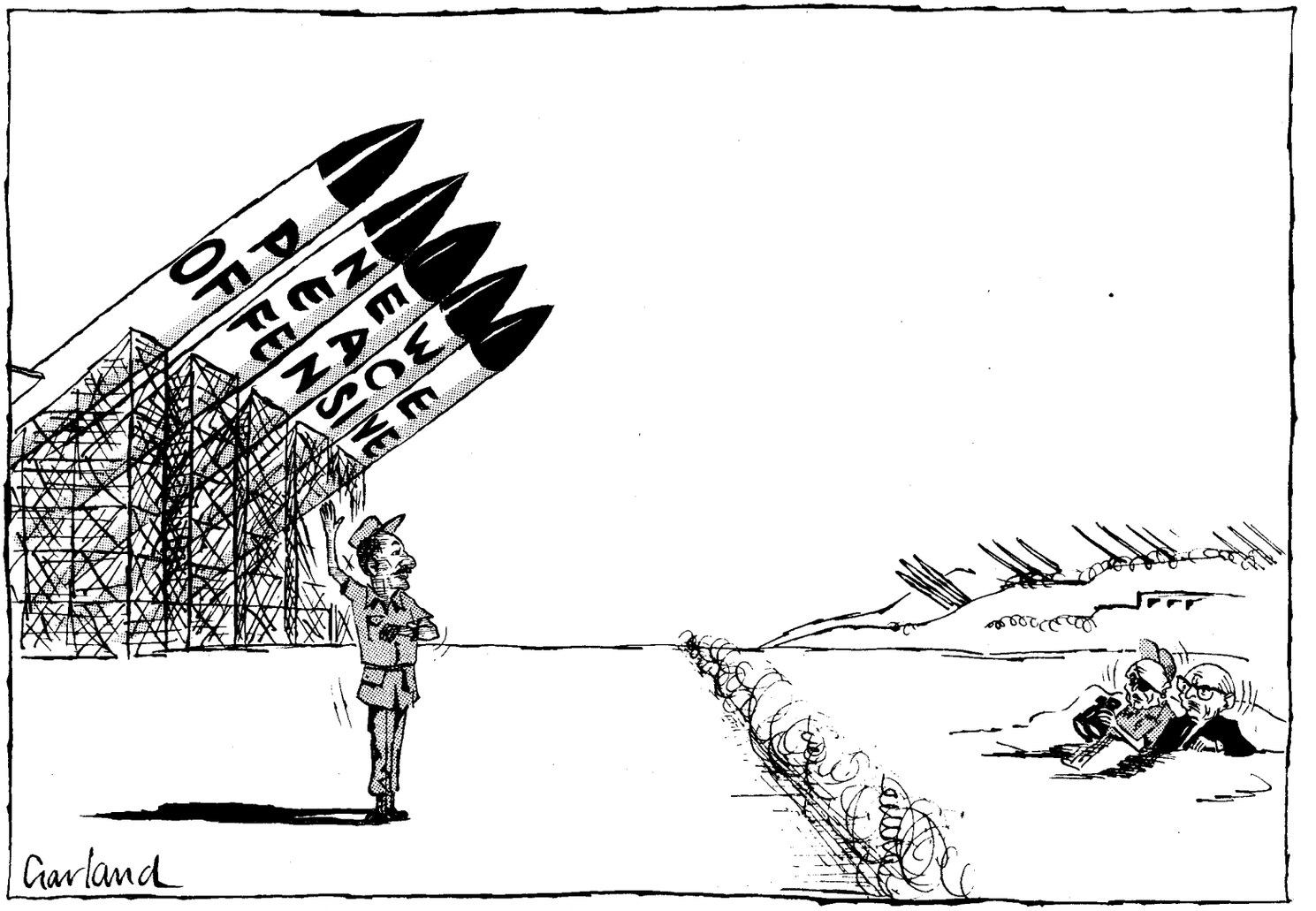
From the moment the Egyptians landed, the war of nerves, which has been conducted with growing intensity since the Sadat-Begin meeting at Ismailia on Boxing Day, carried on regardless. First of all the Egyptians asked for a postponement of the opening of the talks, claiming that they needed time to examine the Israeli position. Dayan smiled weakly as Kamel reiterated Egyptian demands for Israeli withdrawal from all occupied territories, and reminded his hosts that there could be no peace 'with the denial of the national rights of the Palestinian people, foremost among which is their right to self-determination'.

The tone of barely disguised hostility in Kamel's statements, his refusal to meet Begin on the evening of his arrival, the obvious unease amongst Egyptian delegates and journalists, combined with the news that Sadat was going into isolation for ten days and the fear that this might be the prelude to his imminent resignation, shook the Israeli Foreign Ministry. Instead, though, of being soothing and conciliatory, Dayan, frustrated by being constantly upstaged by Begin, decided to get himself back into the headlines. At a press briefing for Israeli political correspondents the Foreign Minister came out with some of the toughest talk heard in Israel since the Sadat visit. He scoffed at rumours of the Egyptian leader's impending resignation and dragged out old favourites like 'Israel will not negotiate with an Egyptian gun pointed at its head' and 'If the Egyptians don't want to talk to us, they can go home.'

Despite the provocative tone of Dayan's remarks, the Egyptian delegation received orders from Cairo to keep responses in a low key, and there were encouraging improvements in the atmosphere. Jolly, nonsense Defence Minister Ezer Weizmann, back from the military talks and Groppi's cakes in Cairo, where he was getting along famously with Sadat and Egyptian War Minister Gamasy, paid a courtesy call to the Egyptian delegation, and after some smiles and convivial back-slapping, things livened up.

The same evening, however, Dayan raised Egyptian hackles again by whisking Vance off for talks with Begin in spite of a prior Egyptian request for consultations with the Secretary of State before he met the Israelis. Begin then did his bit by publishing a strongly worded statement refuting Egyptian charges that his position on the Israeli settlements in Sinai had not been made clear. The Egyptian claim, Begin said, was 'fictional, to put it mildly'.

So far so bad. After intensive last-minute American mediation, an agenda, sufficiently vague to allow each side to imbue it with a meaning favourable to itself, was agreed upon. The most sensitive and controversial item was number two, which finally read 'The guidelines for negotiations relating to the issues of the West Bank, and Gaza' –



'I don't know if we can stand another sensational pre-emptive strike like his last one!'

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the key word here being 'issues'. Israel was not prepared for the item to refer simply to 'negotiations over the West Bank and Gaza' since that would have implicitly invested these areas with a separate political identity. For Israel, with its trauma about a Palestinian state that is anathema. Not that the official position does not reflect public opinion. A poll carried out before the talks collapsed showed that 91 per cent of Israelis are opposed to the creation of a Palestinian state.

Following the compromise over the agenda, the talks opened in what was optimistically described as an atmosphere of 'guarded optimism'. While Dayan's opening address was fairly positive, Kamel was forceful, speaking again of an Israeli withdrawal from all occupied territories, including Jerusalem, where, he said, 'from time immemorial human destiny has experienced an encounter with the divine'. Divinity, though, was conspicuous by its absence at the round table on the 21st floor. Though the Americans were active in trying to bridge the gaps between the sides, and on Wednesday morning spokesmen of all delegations were able to announce that progress had been made and that a 'declaration of principles' might be reached by the end of the week, nothing could persuade Sadat to renege on his decision – which surprised everyone, including the Egyptians – to recall his delegation on Wednesday night.

As the suitcases piled up in the hotel lobby, and morose journalists downed farewell drinks in the bar, the rumours flew and the wires buzzed. Sadat had told Carter that it was impossible to deal with Begin. Sadat would announce his resignation. The talks had broken down irrevocably. The military talks in Cairo would pack up too. An ashen-faced American official was at a loss to explain to newsmen what was going on. Meanwhile a fleet of cars and buses assembled to transport the Egyptians to the airport, and two planes arrived at Lod to take them home.

Sadat's speech to the Egyptian National Assembly last Saturday contained few clear leads as to why he had decided to bring the talks to a halt. His decision, though, was hardly surprising, if only in terms of the fact that it returned him once more to centre stage and reminded everyone that it was he, who started it all, who was still calling the tune. The Israelis, of course, preferred to concentrate on Sadat's impetuousness and penchant for showmanship rather than respond to the Egyptian claim that 'Israel's old policies of expansionism' were responsible for the breakdown. It is a fact, nonetheless, that the extension of existing settlements and even the construction of new ones goes on in the Rafiah Approaches in Northern Sinai.

In his statement on Sunday, announcing that for the moment the military talks in Cairo would also be discontinued, Begin complained about recent anti-semitic remarks in the Egyptian press, and said that Egypt's 'aggressive demands' were unacceptable to Israel. The Egyptians, for their part, are fed up with Begin's obduracy over what they see as basic preconditions. Sadat quoted himself in a conversation with Ezer Weizmann as saying: 'I will not allow a single settlement or give up a square inch of my land, even if this means that I fight you until the ends of the earth.'

While the Egyptian leader's speech was a concession to his Arab critics, it has, far more importantly, as far as the future (if any) of the peace process is concerned, succeeded in winning the Americans over to his side. Since Israel's leaders have proved themselves apparently incapable of rising to his challenge, Sadat has decided to bring the Americans back into the picture, and, to a certain extent, to widen the breach between them and the Israelis.

It is grim to realise that if the Egyptian-Israeli negotiations can break down over a few hundred settlers growing tomatoes and flowers in the Rafiah Approaches – an area which even the fanatics of Gush Emunim do not consider part of the biblical land of Israel – then, should the negotiations resume, it is unlikely that they will bear the stress of discussing the future of the West Bank and the creation of a Palestinian state. There is no room at the moment even for the 'guarded optimism', that accompanied the short-lived negotiations in Jerusalem. What little hope there is for an end to the thirty years' war seems to lie in yet another wearisome round of shuttle diplomacy and pressure from Washington. The old barriers of mistrust and suspicion are going up again. It will take a very forceful Mr Vance to bring them tumbling down.

Jerusalem

Alexander Cockburn

Business, Beef and Mr Carter

It's the time here when the New Year suicide boom begins to subside and newsboys groan under the weight of other perennial tidings: the President's State of the Union address to Congress and his presentation of the Budget for the fiscal year 1979. It's a time when the clichés emanating from the executive branch of government approach blizzard intensity and sensible people stay quietly in their homes till the storm is past.

The President's State of the Union message was delivered to Congress last Thursday night – and, so the word came from the speech-writers' enclave in the White House, had been prepared with especial care. No less than five speechwriters, paid annual sums ranging from around $50,000 to $30,000 each, laboured mightily and caused the President to announce: 'There is, all across our land, a growing sense of peace and a sense of common purpose. This sense of unity cannot be expressed in programmes or in legislation or in dollars. It's an achievement that belongs to every individual American.' And within seconds Carter was explaining just why the sense of unity could not be expressed in programmes, laws or dollars: 'Government cannot solve our problems. It can't set our goals. It cannot define our vision. Government cannot eliminate poverty or provide a bountiful economy or reduce inflation, or save our cities, or cure illiteracy, or provide energy . . .' All of which is consistent with Carter's original attacks on big government, only slightly qualified by his afterthought that 'only a true partnership between government and the people can reach these goals.'

A couple of days later the newsboys were tottering again under Carter's tax reform proposals – many of them incomprehensible, all of them vacuous until mangled through Congress. Only one element seemed fairly clear: the tax cuts, at a suggested $25,000m. would more or less be balanced by the new tax increases to pay for the social security system (fiscal blessings always end with an appointment in Samarra). And finally, published on Monday, came the Budget itself, a mighty 6½ lb wad of paper expounding how the President thinks $500,000m. should be spent.

Since last Saturday the Washington press corps had been briefed on the meaning of this Budget and last Tuesday morning the newspaper headlines offered some fairly easy clues: 'CARTER ASKS $500 BILLION BUDGET, SEEKS HIGH EMPLOYMENT ECONOMY AND OFFERS FEW NEW PROGRAMMES' (*New York Times*), 'CARTER "LEAN AND TIGHT" BUDGET SEEKS $500.2 BILLION' (*Washington Post*); and, most suggestively, in the *Wall Street Journal*'s multi-decker headline display, 'BUSINESS AS USUAL: CARTER BUDGET PROPOSES RESTRAINED SPENDING, LACKS BOLD NEW PLANS', with an ancillary sub-head display adding for the edification of its readership that 'IT SEEMS AIMED AT PLEASING BUSINESS AND NOT LIBERALS'.

Now, you may be absolutely certain that if the *Wall Street Journal* says the Budget is aimed at pleasing business no deception of its readers has been intended. Even cursory scrutiny of the document itself buttresses this view. There was nothing for the cities (pending a 'plan' later this year), nothing for health insurance, nothing for welfare. There was plenty for the Pentagon – a 9 per cent rise, much of it to be devoted to weaponry allegedly to beef up Nato defences in Europe – and a great deal less to cope with unemployment.

There were, needless to say, evident throughout all the President's various messages minatory reflections on Congress's inability to pass his energy plan and words echoing the thunder last year about America's prodigality. Alas, the President's recommendations for frugality and reform in the field of energy seemed certain to go unheeded in millions of over-heated homes. It is now absolutely clear that Americans, who were never really convinced that there was an energy crisis, remain entirely unpersuaded by the torrents of propaganda devoted to the topic. And the *imprimatur*

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on their doubts was granted last week in the form of reports that the world oil glut is now so vast, and consumption so much less than predicted, that Armageddon has been postponed by a decade or two and that Americans need not really get worried until 1985 . . . or even 2000.

This cynicism is a matter of some political and social importance. A week ago the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, the largest black civil rights organisation in the country, publicly broke with the Democratic Administration on the matter of energy. It attacked Carter's energy plan for excessive emphasis on conservation, insufficient zeal in stimulating domestic production and untimely concern for the environment. It endorsed nuclear power, including the breeder reactor. This message, an astonishing one for such an organisation, was immediately lauded by representatives of the oil companies and denounced by the White House. It is, in fact, clear that oil men had much to do with composing the message, but the NAACP itself plainly felt quite safe in issuing a growth-at-all-costs line.

The shift of a major black organisation to a pro-industry position highlights a swing understandably ignored by the President in his talk of 'a common purpose'. Powerful in Washington until quite recently were the 'public interest' groups, the consumerists, the forces of Nader and others pursuing a decade-long and relatively successful crusade against the freedom of business and industry to do as they wished. Reams of legislation, from the strip-mine Bill to the air-bag rules for the motor industry, testify to the overall movement's success. In the wake of the recession it is now plain that business is launching a successful counter-attack: its complaints are interminable and uniform – excessive regulation, onerous taxes, governmental interference.

Let us note one interesting example. A year ago the Senate Nutrition Committee, headed by George McGovern, took cognisance of the fact that Americans are eating too much of the wrong things and issued a report, recommending *inter alia* that the populace 'decrease consumption of meat and increase consumption of poultry and fish'. The denunciation of excessive meat consumption had to do with the fact that animal fats cause heart failure and cancer. Americans eat, on average for each man, woman and child, three lbs of fat-sodden beef a week (as opposed to just over one lb for the residents of Great Britain). The report received considerable publicity and absolute denunciation from the meat industry, as well as from the American Medical Association which dislikes the idea of preventive medicine (less customers) and which, therefore, said that no evidence linked diet to disease.

It's a minor example perhaps – though one which may do wonders for the coronary statistics – but a portent nonetheless. The *Wall Street Journal* had it absolutely right: 'business as usual', which is not an encouraging prospect for the coming year, or – in the end – for the Carter Administration, now relaxing after its January exertions.

New York

Corinna Adam

How to Spot an NF Child

One of the slogans to be seen at National Front demonstrations – carried, that is, by the opposition – reads 'NF = No Fun'. At first glance it seems rather a good slogan. But on second thoughts it has two disadvantages. For one thing, it is just not true. For the young men who go on demonstrations, with their 'bovver' boots and union jacks, the NF certainly is fun, is exciting, holds out the pleasant prospect of getting into an ordinary old fight but feeling deeply virtuous at the same time. And secondly, the slogan reeks of the liberal self-esteem, the snootiness which understandably irritates young Fronters.

The young in the National Front, such as they are (probably only a few hundred), have some reason to feel a bit pleased with themselves at the moment, since their elders are presently courting them so diligently. Up till now, oddly, the Front's youth wing has been a failure: and last summer, Front leaders began saying so openly, and discussing the possible causes. In June, one Derek Holland wrote a plea for a revitalised youth wing in John Tyndall's magazine, *Spearhead*. Previous attempts had failed, said Holland, because young people saw the movement as 'a personal vehicle or in the nature of politicised Boy Scouts. The role of a National Front youth movement would be multi-purpose . . . it is the practical applications that offer the most exciting prospects.' After which somewhat chilling observation, he went on to speculate about the heady prospects for 'control of the minds of British youth' if the Front stepped up its activities in schools and colleges.

As a result, came the campaign launched in *Spearhead* in November against a series of five documentary plays produced by the Inner London Education Authority and due to be broadcast this term. They are aimed at 13- to 16-year-old children and have the general title of *You in the Seventies*: the theme is a love affair between a black boy and a white girl. Or, as the Young National Front have it, 'they are the crudest type of propaganda aimed at convincing youngsters that multi-racialism and inter-racial sex are normal and desirable . . .' Said one 16-year-old YNF spokesman: 'This stuff is revolting. It's sheer poison. They are aiming it deliberately at immature minds as young as 13, and we are going to get these films banned at all costs.'

It sounds impressive, even frightening, until one sees them in action. (It's worth noting that, with all the talk of 'immature minds of 13', that is *precisely* the age at which the YNF start recruiting – considerably younger than any other party.) The first step in the campaign was a meeting outside the ILEA TV headquarters in Battersea last Saturday; despite what the NF would call 'weeks of nationwide publicity', only 50 or so rather feeble-looking youths turned up. What was terrifying was their illiterate illogicality: for instance, having told me, when I tried to talk to them, to go away in unprintable language, they went on to volunteer information on how the NS was 'spreading Jewish propaganda', and that there were things in the ILEA film that were too shocking to talk about. (This seems to refer to a gracefully done sequence in which the heroine has a baby.)

The ILEA (somewhat to the irritation of the people who made the films) have so far decided to take a relaxed attitude to the whole row, merely remarking that they 'stand by their record'. The YNF's first pamphlet aimed deliberately at the classroom, 'How to Combat Red Teachers', has caused much more of a stir, with the National Association of Head Teachers ruling on their right to ban subversive literature, and the NF themselves boasting that 350,000 copies were being distributed.

This now seems to have been one of the NF's inflated claims – or else they are holding their fire in a way which would be uncharacteristically subtle. By Wednesday, the ILEA had not heard of a single instance of the pamphlet being found in any of their schools. But it is being much discussed in its absence; and it *is* interesting, in that it seems to mark a new departure in NF techniques, a new element of sophistication. It starts off by telling argumentative pupils to be polite (the boys at Battersea obviously hadn't read it): 'Even if a particular teacher does not command *personal* respect, that teacher's *position* must be respected – otherwise there is anarchy in the classroom. Left-wingers may approve of this; the National Front does not . . .' There is then a warning about the particular vigilance needed in all classes given under the heading of social studies, pointing out how the class basis of teaching is to be mistrusted: 'The jobless shipyard welder from Jarrow did not take up mugging . . . Some of the most diabolical murderers in history, Crippen, Christie and Heath for example, were comfortably middle class.'

Racial questions are dealt with at length, by variations on the theme 'if they are equal, why are they poor?' There are a series of telling, because so very reminiscent of older fascist movements, animadversions on communism: 'The originator of their doctrines, Karl Marx, never did an honest day's work in his life but lived by sponging off plutocrats such as Friedrich Engels, a rapacious capitalist.' And there is a recommended booklist – Spengler, and so on – of surprisingly heavy going.

Which could be why it will fail. 'Mostly what I have to confiscate,' said the head of one large, 50-per-cent black comprehensive 'is porn. I do that by offering to send it to their fathers under plain cover. Now I see that that might not work, in this case. But between you and me, I rely on my kids not even to let the damn thing past the school gate.'

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Mervyn Jones

India: Out of the Nightmare

It's standing-room only in Patiala House, where the Commission presided over by Justice J. C. Shah is investigating the crimes and scandals of Indira Gandhi's State of Emergency. Behind the rows of cane chairs, people stand pressed together with the peculiar density of an Indian crowd. Watergate inevitably comes to mind; whether for dramatic tension or for sheer entertainment, the Shah Commission amply equals the Ervin Committee. In the crowd reactions, which are swift and frank, you sense the relief of a nation which has lived through a nightmare.

Today we're hearing about the unsecured loan of a million rupees (£70,000) granted by the Punjab National Bank to the *National Herald*. Long the organ of the Nehru dynasty, this paper has steadily shed readers and has an accumulated loss of £315,000, so it's scarcely credit-worthy by normal banking standards and we all know that the loan was a disguised contribution to the Gandhi regime's political funds. The bank chairman, Mr Tuli, and the New Delhi branch manager, Mr Adlakha, are trying to pin the responsibility on each other. Among those who wrote backing the loan was Mohammed Yunus, special assistant (shades of Haldeman and Ehrlichman) to Mrs Gandhi, whose task was to manage the docile press and turn the state radio into a propaganda weapon. His letter is produced, and counsel asks Adlakha – a large, floppy man who clearly enjoys the limelight – 'Were you aware that he was special assistant to the Prime Minister?' Peering at the letter, Adlakha replies: 'Not mentioned here.' Lawyers, reporters and crowd fall about in delighted laughter, which Justice Shah makes no attempt to control. Adlakha gazes mildly round the room with the 'did I say something funny?' expression perfected by Sid Field.

Tuli, a testy little man who comes across as the kind of banker who gets a kick out of refusing overdrafts, then takes the stand and admits that he had no details of the *National Herald's* financial position when he approved the loan. He explains: 'In any loan, connections are important – you can't say they have no effect.' The room buzzes. What connections, asks the government counsel – Mrs Gandhi, for instance? 'No, no' replies the unhappy Tuli. Perhaps the late Pandit Nehru, counsel suggests sardonically? 'All these things are there,' Tuli fumbles.

This is small-time stuff, you may say. But the Commission's remorseless pursuit of such details builds up the reality of what happened between the Emergency proclamation of 26 June 1975 and the liberating election of 20 March 1977: the story of how the world's largest democracy fell into the hands of a gang of petty ruffians – Sanjay Gandhi and his crew – with no purpose beyond their own aggrandisement. The character of that regime defies precise definition. It wasn't full-scale fascism but it had most of the fascist hallmarks: crushing of all opposition, sweeping arrests, suspension of the rule of law, licence to bully-boys in and out of uniform, rigorous censorship combined with insistent demagogic propaganda. It reduced India temporarily to the dimensions of a little country like Haiti ruled as a family fief. To a significant degree, it was a money-making racket; informed estimates of what Sanjay and his pals salted away are breath-taking. And it had a strong component of what, in its extravagant perversity, can only be called madness.

Take, for instance, the clearances in the beloved 17th-century city of old Delhi, where Sanjay planned such startling novelties as a tower with a revolving restaurant and French-style pavement cafés. In front of the great mosque, a bazaar was swept away to be replaced by a garden; work was started, at vast expense, on recreating the bazaar *underground*, and the end of the Emergency revealed the beginnings of damage to the foundations of the magnificent mosque. Near the Turkman Gate, I saw houses whose verandahs had been sliced away because the demolition followed an arbitrary line. The bulldozers, which destroyed scores of homes, went in without warning. Families – Moslem women in purdah, children, old people, invalids – fled as they might have fled from the track of a typhoon.

Then there was the campaign against dogs. In a country where millions of people believe that it's sinful to tread on an ant, the police were ordered to put down poisoned bread to tempt stray dogs or erring pets. The resultant death of a beggar's child in Lucknow is just one of the things that won't be forgotten.

But the supreme lunacy – in a country, remember, of extreme sexual reticence and primness – was the campaign of sterilisation. About a million men were sterilised, with each local authority responsible for its quota, and it's safe to say that only a minority was honestly persuaded. A businessman told me how his clerk, having been sent to Muttra on a routine trip, returned shaken and humiliated; all the men were taken off the bus at the edge of the town, marched into a tent, chloroformed, and subjected to the operation. In the chaotic conditions, quite a few men died from septic scars. As the teams moved from district to district and rumour multiplied the outrage, villages lived in helpless fear. As with Stalin's last purge, the campaign was still gathering pace when release came on 20 March last year, the day when the Indian people voted with their balls.

Now that it's all over, quite a few people – as in similar situations in other countries – are pleading that they didn't know what was going on. Given the concentration of power in a few hands (a personal clique rather than the official government), there is some truth in this defence. A journalist recalls being visited at home by a Minister who, after unscrewing the phone from the wall, said: 'I wonder if you could tell me how many people have been arrested.' On the other hand, ignorance of such events as the Turkman Gate demolition argues wilful blindness. It's difficult for an outsider to weigh up the courage or cowardice of those who might have made efforts of resistance, or at least gestures of disapproval. In one government department, 20 senior civil servants told their chief that they would resign if he did; he stuck to his post, so they did the same. But two officially sponsored conferences – of writers and of historians – refused to pass resolutions in praise of the Emergency.

The conference which occasioned my trip to Delhi – a meeting of people in British and Indian public life – produced at least one memorable scene. Along the table, the mediating figure of Robin Day separated K. C. Pant, a member of Mrs Gandhi's cabinet throughout the Emergency, from Varun Shah, who spent 18 months in jail. Pant, who is considered to be an extremely nice man but no intellectual giant, told us that the main reason why regrettable things were allowed to happen was the press censorship. He was disturbed when the Emergency was proclaimed, he told us, but 'the Government functioned better, so it seemed good on balance'. He also repeated the claim (which I first heard from Mrs Gandhi via Michael Foot and which few well-informed Indians believe) that most of those arrested were black-marketeers and smugglers. This was too much for Varun Shah, who leaned across Robin Day to interject: 'Like me, doubtless.'

A point trenchantly made by Indian democrats is that, although the Emergency came as a shock, there had been a steady drift toward authoritarian methods ever since Mrs Gandhi became Prime Minister in 1966, and even during the unhappy later period of her father's spell in office. Central police expenditure had multiplied 50 times over within 12 years. The main instrument for detention without trial, MISA – the Maintenance of Internal Security Act, also rendered as Maintenance of Indira and Sanjay Act – was pushed through Parliament in 1973. In the same year, Mrs Gandhi departed from the seniority rule on the Supreme Court and appointed Justice Ray, a reliable man from her point of view, as Chief Justice over the heads of three senior colleagues, who then resigned. Ray later reached retiring age and was succeeded, again in disregard of the seniority rule, by Justice Beg, known as Birthday Beg from

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his long-standing practice of throwing a party on Mrs Gandhi's birthday. It was Birthday Beg who reversed the Prime Minister's conviction for corrupt election practice, endorsed the suspension of *habeas corpus*, and evolved the doctrine that there could be no redress for any action taken under the Emergency even if it was actually illegal.

In the aftermath of the Emergency, the most important question is whether or not there will be a candid examination of this sapping of the democratic structure: an examination not only of what happened between 1975 and 1977 (the Shah Commission will see to that) but also of how it could begin to happen. Two words are much in vogue; one is 'aberration' (applied to the Emergency) and the other is 'excesses' (applied to torture in prison, the Turkman Gate, enforced sterilisation and so forth). These concepts, one can't help feeling, divert Indian minds from the root of the matter. To catch the confusion at its most acute, one has to talk to leaders of Congress – the party which governed India ever since independence, seemed destined to govern it for ever, and is now in a shattered state. Some of the great men of Congress notably Morarji Desai, left its ranks in 1969. Others – the pivotal figure being Jagjivan Ram – made common cause with the opposition when the 1977 election was called. What remains of it is divided between the party led by Yeshwantrao Chavan, which is the official parliamentary opposition, and the group loyal to Mrs Gandhi.

'We are Sorry'

Mr Chavan received me very affably (of course, he knows that the NEW STATESMAN denounced the Emergency) and expressed keen interest in the future editorship of the NS, almost as though he had nothing else to think about. His tone in speaking of Indian affairs reminded me piquantly of that adopted by Khrushchev in 1956. 'We must say frankly that we are sorry for all the excesses,' he said, 'and find out the reasons for them.' The Emergency was never justifiable, he continued, and Congress must convince the people that, if and when it regains office, it will never take such action again. Since he had been a leading member of the Government all along, I ventured to ask him whether it wouldn't be more logical to defend the record. 'I shan't fight Mrs Gandhi's battles,' he replied. His strategy, clearly, is to put the maximum distance between Congress and the Indira Gandhi regime, and to establish that the 'excesses' were her personal responsibility – much as Mr Adlakha has to establish that the loan to the *National Herald* was the personal responsibility of Mr Tuli.

Mrs Gandhi, meanwhile, finds little or nothing to apologise for. I can't say that she received me affably – at present she is far too tense for that – but there was no trouble about getting an appointment. I gather that Willy Brandt, last month, only had time to step out of his plane and pay a ceremonial visit to the Mahatma's cremation-ground when he was given the message that Mrs Gandhi wanted to see him; her famous talk with Mr Callaghan was also at her own request. She told me that, while in power, she occasionally received reports of forced sterilisation, but when she asked for details she found that they were only vague rumours. She now agrees that there was some coercion, but not much – it's mostly propaganda. 'Actually what happened,' she explained, 'was that Jan Sangh people (her opponents) infiltrated the teams and used coercion to discredit my Government.'

Mrs Gandhi is refusing to testify before the Shah Commission because it is politically motivated – 'I am the target'. The Prime Minister and the Opposition leader are working together to destroy her; this is why Chavan never puts up a fight in Parliament. Police and magistrates, on government orders, are harassing her followers all over the place. 'When we were in power,' she said earnestly, 'we didn't try to crush any party, but this Government is all out to crush us.' This astonishing statement illustrates the degree to which her outlook has come to resemble that of Richard Nixon – whatever she did was to defend herself, the charges against her are malicious, the world is full of enemies.

Elections for state assemblies are to be held on 25 February in five states, two of which – Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh – remained loyal to Congress in the 1977 election. A striking feature of that election, indeed, was that the great voting swing, a real tidal wave in the Hindi heartland of northern India, did not extend to the south. 'Sanjay never went to the south,' you're told when you ask for an explanation. It's true that the remoter states didn't undergo the full harshness of repression. Only ten people were arrested in Andhra Pradesh, which has a population of 40 million, while at Delhi University alone 190 of the faculty and 2,000 students were carted off. More important, the sterilisation drive was a northern phenomenon. Mr Chavan is pessimistic about Congress chances on 25 February; by splitting the vote, he said, Mrs Gandhi is guaranteeing a Janata success. But Mrs Gandhi is determined to make a fight of it; she sees herself as defying a virtual Congress-Janata alliance. Even today, it would be foolish to write off this extraordinary woman, who is quite simply the only political leader known in the remotest villages, where her picture hung in the schoolrooms and the teashops for 11 years. 'She may have a tarnished image,' a journalist remarked to me, 'but these other fellows in Congress have only tarnish and no image.'

The Marxists

What Mrs Gandhi was so anxious to tell Willy Brandt, I gather, was this: India is threatened with being engulfed by communism, Janata is helpless against the menace, and only she can avert it. It's true that the Communist Party (Marxist) did well in the 1977 election, while the more right-wing Communist Party of India, which supported the Emergency, suffered a heavy defeat. The CPI is now going in for self-criticism in a big way and trying to put out some feelers in the Janata direction; there is also talk of a possible reunification of the two CPs, though it's a tricky matter in view of the bitterness that has accumulated since the split in 1961.

The main achievement of the CPM has been to win a clear Assembly majority and form a government in the important state of West Bengal. The last CPM government there was dismissed by Mrs Gandhi, but the present balance of forces would not allow Desai to take such action; in certain states, Janata may need the CPM as an election ally and perhaps a coalition partner. Besides, Jyoti Basu, the CPM Chief Minister, is behaving with circumspection and his Government is concentrating on policies that fall far short of being revolutionary, such as securing a better share of the harvest for sharecroppers. A veteran CPM strategist, B. T. Ranadive, gave me this outline of his party's attitude: 'Janata represents just the same class interests as Congress, but it has made big commitments to the masses on democratic rights.'

Landslide in Tripura

On 31 December 1977 the CPM won a landslide Assembly victory in Tripura, a small state (population 1,700,000) way up to the north of Bangladesh. It won 59 seats, 11 went to allied groups, and neither Janata nor Congress has a single seat. I had a talk with the new Chief Minister, Nripen Chakraborty, who was in a very cheerful mood, not only because of his victory but because he had esablished excellent relations with Mr Desai during his visit to Delhi. It seems that Tripura could become quite prosperous if it gets enough aid from the central Government, and especially if a railway is built. 'Our silk is like gold,' the Chief Minister declared enthusiastically; he also said that Tripura produces the best pineapples in the world and has an export agreement with Yugoslavia. The CPM won by effecting a reconciliation between the indigenous Tripuran people, who are of Mongoloid origin like the Nagas, and Bengali newcomers who now make up half the population. Tripura is a small state, but what happens in the sensitive North-East of India has to be a matter of concern to Delhi.

India thus presents a fragmented picture. The Marxists are nowhere near engulfing the country, whatever Mrs Gandhi says, but are consolidating their hold on an important region. Tamil Nadu (Madras) is governed as usual by a regional party. Kerala, which has been chalking up quite a success story on the economic and social plane, is a law to itself; the Congress-CPI coalition is still in office, the CPM is strong, Janata is nowhere. Many progressive-minded Indians think that these developments should be welcomed. Beneath a guise of federalism, India's system is really that of a unitary state, and the stifling of local initiative has been a curb both on social progress and on democratic political life. Still, the process compounds the difficulties of a Government whose primary task, after the recent trauma, is to give a new direction to the country.

A further hampering factor is that Janata as a party consists of people who have little in common beyond their opposition to the Emergency regime. As Chandra Sekhar, Janata's president, has said: 'People come together to put out a fire, and then they

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look round to try to recognise one another. The composition of the Government reflects this diversity. Two ministers come from Jan Sangh, and although both are sophisticated politicians of fairly liberal views, Jan Sangh has certainly been a reactionary and obscurantist force over the years. There are three socialists (of whom some are more socialist than others). The major figures are men who belonged to Congress for most of their political lives. They are old men now; the Nehru era was the formative period of their political thinking. Desai, still rising long before dawn to do his stint of spinning and prayer, is in remarkable form and likely to celebrate his 20th birthday in office. (This is not a misprint: he was born on 29 February 1896.) But much of the talk in Delhi concerns the declining health and the sleeping habits of certain of his colleagues.

There is little fear of a break-up of the Janata team. 'In the first place,' Sekhar said to me, 'there is tremendous pressure for unity from the people. In the second place' – he smiled – 'you know, power is a great cementing factor.' But the real question, he went on, is that of unity of purpose. When I asked about the Government's policies, he said sharply: 'The policies are fine. Mrs Gandhi always had fine policies too. What matters is performance.' By performance, he means meeting popular demands for a new level of social justice. 'The election showed that poor, illiterate people can make judgments and assert themselves. Repression has been tried – it leads to the elimination of the oppressor. We've seen a tremendous upsurge from the rural areas, and the demands must be met, which means that the rich must make sacrifices'. Janata, I saw, is distinctly on trial in the eyes of its own president.

George Fernandes, the socialist and trade union leader who has now become Minister of Industry, is well aware of the limitations of coalition politics. He has no doubt that it was right and inevitable to merge the Socialist Party in Janata, but admits that he misses the ideological debate. Talking off the record, he will list the issues on which he differs from his cabinet colleagues. But none of these can be pressed, and he has a firm guiding rule: 'What divides us can't be a priority.'

Last month Fernandes laid before Parliament a policy statement which envisages clear priority and effective support for the Small Scale Sector of industry, and indeed for what is engagingly called the Tiny Sector. Clothing needs, for instance, will be increasingly met by handloom production, and no expansion of mill production will be allowed. 'Exclusive development in the Small Scale Sector' is the rule for 504 products, including cooking ranges, soap, paper, most rubber and leather products, and a wide range of chemicals. This is not a sentimental return to a simple and primitive past; the need for a solid infrastructure of heavy industry, with an accent on public ownership, is recognised. There's a good deal of evidence that small-scale production is more efficient – a comparison between a village bicycle workshop and a British-owned factory in Calcutta, for instance, was convincing in this regard – and the argument is strengthened when you consider social costs, transport and nearness to the market. The aim of the policy is to combat unemployment, which has reached terrifying dimensions, to halt the growth of the ghastly city conurbations, and to reduce disparities between urban and rural areas.

I don't know if it will work. Small industries have a disheartening tendency to reveal themselves as disguised offshoots of large firms, or else to get into difficulties and come under their control. It can also be said that the whole scheme is a circumvention of the basic problem of India, land reform. The solidly established farmers, who are the social base of Janata as much as of Congress, are not about to give up their land to tenants or landless labourers, so all that can be done is to employ the latter in small – or tiny – industries. Revolution, as CPM people will tell you as readily as anyone else, is not on the agenda. What the long-suffering people of India do expect is a government that is on their side.

New Delhi

Jeremy Bugler

Reactors: the Cabinet's Choice

At the same time last week as Tony Benn was listening to a Westinghouse executive trying to sell him and us their American pressure water reactor design, other Westinghouse brass back home in their black glass headquarters near Pittsburgh were dealing with a flood of calls about the latest, probably the greatest, nuclear bribes scandal. President Marcos of the Philippines, the *New York Times* has revealed, is considering cancelling the country's half-built $1,100m. nuclear plant, because Westinghouse Electric had been found to have paid massive sums to 'a close friend and relative' of the President. Westinghouse has acknowledged agreeing to pay a commission to a company owned by one Herminie Desini, a regular golfing partner of Marcos and married to a cousin of his wife. The payments, 'for assistance in obtaining the contract and for implementation services', are thought to be, variously, $4 to $5m., or as much as $35m., since they were based on a percentage. The Philippinos, in this manner, are buying a Westinghouse pressure water reactor (PWR) over-priced by at least $100m., a deal well described by an expert as 'one reactor for the price of two'.

The Philippines scandal, taken with Benn's visit, may be said to embrace at once the surreality and the sordid reality of nuclear economics. No industry extant has an economic structure so peculiar to itself as the nuclear business. It has weathered hazards which would have felled almost any other trade: a dearth of customers, plants that have not worked, other plants that have been late by years rather than months. This is the background that has to be understood to make sense of the cabinet's decision on the type of the UK's new generation of reactors: their choice between the British advanced gas-cooled reactor (AGR) and a Westinghouse-style PWR.

The man in the Clapham Cortina may be forgiven for wondering why Britain needs any new nuclear power stations at all. After all, was it not only a few months back that Sir Arthur Hawkins of the Central Electricity Generating Board was locked in combat with the Government over Labour's insistence that the Drax B coal-fired station be ordered? The CEGB thought that Drax B was surplus to requirements and that the Government ought to pay the tab. Now the CEGB wants the Government to wave through one twin-reactor AGR station to start as soon as possible (work on site could begin in 1980) and one PWR station starting in 1982. On top of that, the South of Scotland Electricity Board would also order an AGR. What on earth has happened in six months? Have the people gone on a spree of buying electric appliances?

My view is that the only way to comprehend this bizarre business is to remember the peruke-makers. In 1765, the Master Perukemakers presented a petition to George III, in protest against gentlemen causing a decline in the peruke trade by wearing their own hair. The need for new perukes was more to be found in their producers than their consumers. The petitions to Benn and the Government today are a little like a uranium version of the plea of the poor peruke-makers two centuries ago.

Ostensibly, the sound case for ordering new reactors goes like this. Today, the CEGB can produce a paper maximum of 56,500 megawatts net output. This winter has brought the highest demand for electricity that the Board has ever met: 42,300 megawatts. Thus the CEGB has a comfortable 25 per cent excess capacity to cope with breakdowns and other troubles. But the CEGB has a new crop of power stations to be commissioned in the next six years, ranging from the endlessly delayed AGRs like Dungeness B and Hinckley Point B to

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the unwanted Drax B. By around 1984, these will add another 13,000 megawatts to the CEGB's output.

But power stations close down as well as start up, so the CEGB can expect to lose some 3,500 megawatts of output over these next six years. The key and crucial figure for estimating what in 1984 will be the consumers' peak demand then becomes the annual percentage growth of demand. If a low-growth estimate is chosen, the case for new stations in a hurry collapses. The CEGB chooses a high-ish figure of around 3 per cent a year growth. On this mark, we may find that by 1984 the CEGB has an excess generating capacity of around 25 to 30 per cent, a little more fat than we need but not really gross.

On the other hand, if we get a lower growth of demand, if the CEGB closes down fewer power stations in the light of its frenzy of closures last year, if Tony Benn's insulation campaign produces real savings, we will have more electricity than we need in the mid-1980s. We will have time enough then to re-organise our energy supply industry so that high quality energies, electricity above all, are used for the functions they perform best and are not wasted in storage heaters up and down the drawing-rooms and front parlours of Britain. As Friends of the Earth pointed out last week in a letter to the Prime Minister: 'British electrical supplies are already more than twice the requirements for the premium end-uses that can give value for money from this special and very expensive type of energy.'

Moreover, the case for the new reactors (which will be producing power for the 1990s – they take ten years at least to build) rests heavily on the assumption that Britain's industrial make-up will remain largely the same. A huge chunk of our primary fuel (8.4 per cent in 1975) was used by the iron and steel industry in 1975: potteries and ceramics were other major users. If these industries should decline, as British Steel seems unwittingly to be trying to do, then there will be a lot more energy around. In a knock-on effect, there would be a lower demand for electricity, and certainly a lower absolute need for electricity.

But power-generating men hate nothing more than 'ifs'. They would much rather have 60 per cent too much power than 3 per cent too little. CEGB men remember with horror the Sixties when for a time their power stations could not meet peak demand, and there were widespread black-outs. This is one explanation for the CEGB's plea for AGRs and PWRs, though anything that CEGB says about nuclear reactors must be taken with some scepticism. After all, in 1972, the CEGB thought it would need only a 'trifling' amount of additional capacity while a year later, it wanted to order no less than 32 Westinghouse PWRs. Now it wants one. Hum.

The case for a couple of reactors is, however, also supported by some experts who are sceptical of the energy orthodoxy – men like Gerald Leach of IIED and Peter Chapman of the Open University Energy Research Unit. Their belief no doubt takes account of what energy we are going to want, even if it is not good for us. A rather different case, with the same end result, is made by the TUC and a number of unions. Just how many jobs can be created by a major order was made clear last week when GEC won its order for the Hong Kong power station. Some 2,000 threatened jobs in Northern Ireland, Stafford, Rugby, Trafford Park, Renfrew and Dumbarton were saved. If the unions were thinking simply of jobs in the construction phase, one might have expected them to back only the AGR, since all AGRs have provided much longer enployment than anyone bargained for.

The TUC though wants PWRs and AGRs, and the reason is that the TUC cannot see the AGRs supporting any sort of export programme. Who will want to buy this ill-starred reactor? The PWR, in contrast, is the most exported reactor in the world, even if some palms were greased. Germany's massive nuclear deal with Brazil is made up mainly of PWRs, adapted to a German design. The TUC, like the Atomic Energy Authority, British Nuclear Fuels and Sir Arnold Weinstock's Nuclear Power Corporation, see a British PWR carving out a tasty slice of what may be an enormous export market.

Anyone in the Labour movement trying to persuade the trade unions to think non-nuclear has a stiff task. It is not simply that the unions are after jobs for the boys, although that is a factor. They are pro-nuclear because they accept an industrial future based on rapid economic growth and massive capital-intensive technology. Frank Chapple, general secretary of EEPTU: 'We have very few members in atomic stations compared to coal-fired stations. In pure membership interest, we should be saying; "More coal fired stations because they employ twice as much . . ."' But we have to go for advanced technology. I can see a situation in which electricity will be provided automatically with only a few people. But it will take 100 years – and it will require sophisticated manufacturing groups which will provide labour.'

John Lyons, general secretary of the Electrical Power Engineers Association: 'It is not totally self-interest, our support of nuclear energy. We wouldn't care if the power stations were fuelled by sea-weed. It would suit us just as well . . . For sheer employment we should go for 60 megawatt stations dotted all over the place, plus combined heat and power. That would give us a lot of jobs. We could well say that there's no way you're going to build a 2,000 MW station because we are not going to man them. But we're more intelligent than that. Our members are primarily engineers and they're interested in new technologies.'

At the Windscale public inquiry, a member of the Socialist Environment and Resources Association stood up to quote American evidence that a solar power programme would create, per unit of energy, two-and-a-half times as many jobs as a nuclear programme. After talking to Frank Chapple and John Lyons, I believe they could accept this US evidence and still remain nuclear supporters. They see the alternative energy technologies as peripheral to the highly centralised industrial society they look forward to. Until this prospect changes, the nuclear industry can include among their salesmen (though voluntary and unpaid) Britain's union leaders.

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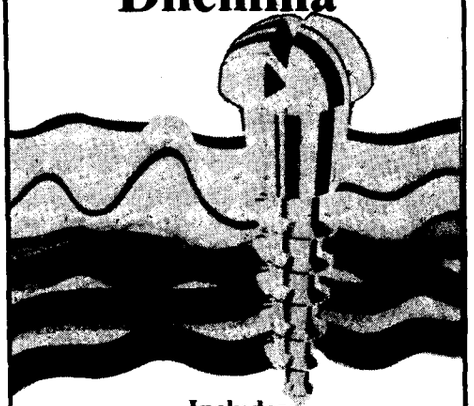

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Alexander McDonald*

Can British Leyland Survive?

In the leafy green belt between Birmingham and Coventry lies the small town of Meriden which is home to the rump of the British motor cycle industry. It must be difficult for the Honda-riding generation to grasp that the Meriden Co-op, heroic but dimunitive, is the sole surviving heir of an industry which just a couple of decades ago dominated the world's markets.

The question now being discussed over pints of Ansell's in South Birmingham is whether British Leyland is about to go the way of BSA, Norton and the rest. Certainly the trend of decline is there. If we look back to 1967, Leyland Motor Corporation and British Motor Holdings – the companies which were to be merged in 1968 with Industrial Development Corporation funds – held 41 per cent of the home market in cars. The year before it had been 45 per cent. But today the objective of a 33 per cent market share, set by the Ryder report in early 1973 for the then newly reconstituted and nationalised British Leyland, is hopelessly optimistic. The company now holds a 22 per cent share and would consider itself fortunate to win back 3 percent more to make a quarter of the market.

This month marked the tenth anniversary of the announcement of the intended Leyland Motor Corporation/British Motor Holdings merger, and the beginning of the Stokes era. And next Wednesday Mr Michael Edwardes, the newest British Leyland chairman, is to address what promises to be a stormy meeting of national unions and shop stewards in Birmingham to explain his ideas for arresting a ten-year slide which has brought the company close to the brink.

What is so dismal about Wednesday's meeting is that Mr Edwardes's diagnosis of the company's ills will not be so different from the one that the then rising and eager Sir Donald Stokes gave in 1968 at press conferences and in staff bulletins: the wrong company structure; a poor model programme; low productivity; and often embattled labour relations. All resulting in a shrinking volume of production, abysmal profits, or large deficits, and lost markets.

the Leveller
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It would be wrong to suggest that nothing has changed. The old BMH, and the merged British Leyland Motor Corporation, were badly short of investment funds, and this cast a long shadow into the future in terms of lack of model development and obsolescent plant and equipment. Today, via the National Enterprise Board, the problems of the nationalised British Leyland have been generously succoured by the Exchequer. There has also been a considerable rationalisation during the decade, especially since 1975, and particularly in the areas of company structure, management and industrial relations, with a shift from the old chaotic piecework system to a centralised mix of flat-rate payments and incentive bonuses (by way of the less than satisfactory measured-day system).

Since nationalisation in 1975 there have been some admirable developments, such as the completion of the ultra-modern Rover plant at Solihull, the development of some excellent models at the top end of the business, and the unheralded, yet absolutely necessary, efforts to improve car quality and reliability. But the fact remains that the problems that are central to the British Leyland crisis are still there and are threatening to choke the life out of the only remaining major British-owned motor company.

Mr Edwardes was sent for in mid-October not because of Sir Richard Dobson's remarks about 'wogs' at the Dorchester Hotel. The change of top leadership was being seriously discussed in Whitehall earlier in the year when the long-running unofficial toolmakers' strike was highlighting the deficiencies of the company in its Ryder period. Half-year interim results to 2 July showed a £15,700,000 deficit on cars and light vans, while lost car production over the whole year is thought to be in the region of a quarter of a million units.

Not only was British Leyland not generating its share of the investment capital needed to implement the Ryder development strategy. By September it was unable even to meet payment of its day-to-day bills, and had to beg the NEB for £50m. from money set aside for the strategic programme.

If the Government did not know it before, it discovered last year that a nationalised manufacturing company which sells consumer goods to the public is a different proposition from public sector service industries, such as gas, or, for that matter, the Post Office. There is no monopoly of the market place and given the prospect of interrupted deliveries the public will shop elsewhere. Mr Edwardes has had to give a lot of attention to the difficulties of the distributors, to maintain a healthy selling network. He has devised a plan for radical change at Leyland Cars – the most chronically sick British Leyland division. He also plans to diminish the function of Leyland International, Lord Ryder's controversial channel for export selling.

Mr Edwardes's formula is to break Leyland Cars down into profit centres, with an accompanying downwards devolvement of managerial responsibilities. He is also said to be considering a four-centre structure: Austin-Morris (for high volume production); Jaguar-Triumph-Rover; foundries, parts and services; and Land Rover/Range Rover. There has even been some toying with the idea of recreating the old Pressed Steel Fisher, to cover car body production. He foresees a Leyland cars output of around 820,000 and, a reduction of something like 12,000 jobs from natural wastage during 1978, from the present 183,000. Another urgent priority is to do something about the Austin-Morris model development programme. He has already taken one sensible decision: to keep the Issigonis Mini in production and to improve the design of the new hatchback that was to be its successor under the Ryder scheme of things.

Leyland Cars' proposed fate has bitterly angered some union officials and shop stewards who look set for a confrontation with Mr Edwardes. His plan is widely referred to as a carve-up that will lead to factory closures, a loss of up to 30,000 jobs, and the threat of the hiving-off of the more desirable sections of the company to private enterprise at some later date. Officials of white collar unions are particularly incensed because they know that company restructuring will mean upheavals for their members. But the most formidable opposition is being mounted by the Transport and General Workers Union automotive committee in Birmingham which has called for a campaign against the Edwardes thinking and for the defence of the Ryder strategy.

Mr Edwardes is applying to Leyland Cars principles which have proved successful at the large, though admittedly less complex, Chloride Group, where he was chairman up to his secondment to the British Leyland hot seat. A tough-minded 47-year-old, who was educated in South Africa, he rose meteorically through Chloride by converting it to a high performance, high profit operation. His gospel could be said to be: 'Get the management structure right, and put the right men into the right jobs, and the rest will follow.' He believes that large companies should be broken down into smaller profit centres so that problems can be more easily identified and dealt with. He is aware that there was a degree of demoralisation within top management circles during 1977, with many good men – though some of them over-promoted – feeling overwhelmed by the sheer volume and complexity of the problems that were pouring in.

As a founder member of the NEB Mr Edwardes must have been familiar with the British Leyland crisis and undoubtedly gave his NEB colleagues, and Mr Eric Varley, the Industry Secretary, a fair idea of how he proposed to tackle things. It was no surprise then that last weekend Mr Varley made it clear that 'I very much support Michael Edwardes in his approach'.

Nor did everyone entertain the high degree of faith in the Ryder plan that the shop stewards profess. A Select Committee, under Mr Pat Duffy, then a Labour back-

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bencher, issued a scathing criticism of the Ryder report, while the Government's 'think tank' was none too impressed either. There was a widely held view that its assumptions were sloppy, and that it was a rather shoddy piece of work. Take, for instance the bluff that the NEB would withhold tranches of investment capital if the company failed to meet performance targets. There was always scepticism in Whitehall about the shop stewards' ability to deliver on their pledge to guarantee a million cars per strike-free year. It is true that for a time in mid-1977 Leyland Cars was turning out the required 20,000 cars a week, during a run of industrial peace, but the chance of there being a long-term cessation of stoppages is not rated highly. But in any case, given the state of the company's model programme, the loss of public confidence, and exporting difficulties, there are serious doubts about whether a million cars a year would really be saleable.

And what if a campaign to retain the Ryder strategy were successful? There would seem to be little that Mr Edwardes could do but resign. The search for a new top man would have to begin all over again with very few candidates of the right weight willing to contemplate putting their neck on the block. When a replacement for Sir Richard Dobson was being considered in early 1977 this paucity of ready, willing and able managerial talent was very noticeable. And if a man of the right calibre were found there would inevitably be an upheaval as he established his own management team.

The shop stewards should weigh the position carefully before, in effect, taking on the new management and the NEB. At the very least Michael Edwardes should be given a serious hearing on Wednesday. Otherwise, the unions may find that their achievement has been not to save the company from Mrs Thatcher but rather to deliver the country into her hands.

Robin Cook

The Anti-Arms Lobby

This weekend delegates from the Union of Engineering Workers will find themselves in a novel position side by side in a conference with representatives of the Church of England. The subject for discussion is the Special Session on Disarmament which has been summoned by the United Nations for next summer and which presents a precious opportunity to recapture some of the impetus which has been lost since the General Assembly, with naïve optimism, resolved that the 'Seventies should be both the second Development Decade and the first Disarmament Decade'.

Barring dramatic repentance at the Special Session, the close of the decade will find the member states still straining to wring from a world of scarcity the extra resources with which to surpass the previous year's military expenditure. The scale of global commitment to arms is awesome. The member states of the 'United' Nations currently budget around $350,000m. to defend themselves against each other – a sum greater than the entire GNP of Britain. There is no more bitter comment on the perverse priorities of mankind than that a 1 per cent cut in the arms budgets of the advanced states would finance a 20-per-cent increase in aid to the underdeveloped nations.

By comparison with the successive breakthroughs in weapons technology, the record of negotiations to control the development of arms is one of dismal failure, broken only by cosmetic agreements to relieve public anxiety. Two decades of multilateral negotiation have produced in the Biological Weapons Convention the single disarmament agreement that obliges parties to it actually to destroy existing weapons stocks. Ten years later the Conference of the Committee on Disarmament still meets twice a week in Geneva to discuss its extension to chemical weapons. It is not unknown for the Committee to adjourn after a formal five minutes' silence as none of the nations represented has anything fresh to say on the matter, and on at least one occasion the silence was unbroken for a fortnight.

Clearly if the Special Session is to rescue disarmament from such torpor it must discover novel approaches, but leafing through the statements filed to date with the Preparatory Committee fills one with foreboding. In what other context would HMG have the nerve to assert with a straight face: 'The UK Government have for many years been committed to the achievement of general and complete disarmament'?

In a number of entries the sentiments expressed by a delegation are so flatly in conflict with the practice of its government that one is driven to speculate on whether in some distant coup the incoming regime forgot to recall the sitting delegates, who have merrily continued to peddle their own policies. The French emissary notes smugly that 'for very many years, the representatives of France who have had occasion at successive sessions of the General Assembly to deal with the problems of disarmament have continually stressed the inadequacy of the progress made'. No doubt. It would help, though, if he would reflect on whether the inadequacy may not in part be the consequence of the refusal of France to sign the Partial Test Ban Treaty or the Non-Proliferation Treaty. The challenge to the Special Session is that all serious discussions on disarmament are now taking place outside the framework of the United Nations – through a bilateral relationship as in SALT, or by agreement between the two military blocs as at Vienna, or on the purely ad hoc basis by which the talks on a complete test ban are being conducted. As none of these negotiations is answerable to the General Assembly, the Special Session can only influence them by seeking to recapture media interest in disarmament. Even that would be no mean gain. The House of Commons Library monitors all the quality dailies and serious weeklies: the entire harvest of its file for 1977 on disarmament runs to precisely three clippings.

The Special Session could also address itself usefully to the burgeoning arms trade which ensures that the latest in weapons technology is readily channelled to the regions of greatest tension and is the one major threat to world peace which yet has to find a home among world disarmament forums. In the past decade the Third World has more than doubled its share of military expenditure, and the sole beneficiary has been the advanced world which has been able to claw back most of its outlay in overseas aid by way of arms sales. All modern wars have been fought among poor nations with weapons supplied by rich nations.

In a rational world the first priority of the Special Session would be to find a forum for negotiations to curb arms sales. In practice the issue may barely make the bottom of the agenda as many of the 144 member states who do not possess nuclear weapons are determined to confine discussion to nuclear disarmament in order to deflect examination of their own more modest arsenals. The truth is that the United Nations does not bring together representatives of nations but of governments, not a few of whom equip large armies to preserve themselves against their own population as much as to deter any enemy.

The success of the Special Session may therefore turn on the extent to which peace groups can balance governmental interests by building on the decision of the preparatory committee that non-governmental organisations should be admitted to the body of the hall. This idea was first proposed by our own Foreign Office which gives every appearance of wishing to play a positive and distinctive role at New York. Ironically, their motivation received added zest earlier this month when the Carter Administration leaked an agreement on safeguards of nuclear exports in which Britain had played such a seminal part that the negotiating committee was originally known as the London Group. Cheated of the credit which was their due for those talks, the occupants of King Charles Street are now determined that they will secure recognition for the spadework they are putting into the Special Session.

However, delegates to the conference this weekend should note that the final British position must first be bargained for with other Whitehall Departments, and not least with the Ministry of Defence who have chosen this moment in the history of disarmament to invite most UN members to the second international exhibition of army weapons in the catalogue of the Defence Sales Office. No doubt fortuitously, it is to be held in the second last week of the Special Session and will thus coincide with critical decisions on the final drafts. Whatever fancy notions the Foreign Office may have about disarmament, clearly someone across the road is bent on showing the rest of the world that the Ministry of Defence is open for business as usual.

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Tim Albert

Who Will Teach the Teachers?

One of the more amusing education stories during the closing months of 1977 was the mystery of the missing £7m. This had been the amount of money earmarked by central government planners for the in-service education and training of teachers during 1977-78, but closer examination of the estimates of local education authorities suggested that expenditure on this particular activity was going to be considerably less. 'It is evident that this sum was not spent by the authorities for the purpose suggested' was the rather tart schoolmasterly comment of the National Union of Teachers, and they urged the Secretary of State to look into ways of ensuring that the money estimated actually reached its supposed destination.

There is now some doubt as to whether the £7m. actually was spent or not (perhaps the real lesson is how difficult it is to be sure either way) but nevertheless the incident symbolises the current sorry state of in-service training for teachers. Like sex, everybody agrees it's a good thing; but, also like sex, it is fairly clear that the observable performance is considerably less than the sum of individual promises. Education, everybody will agree, is only as good as those who are meting it out, and it is therefore self-evident that three years of theoretical instruction followed by 40 years of application is not the best way of producing skilled and sensitive professionals. But this model is still not too far from the truth: comparing the in-service opportunities of teachers with those of say, policemen (who take 11 different compulsory courses *at least* between joining the force and becoming a superintendent) it is clear that they fare considerably less well than their proximity to educational processes would lead one to expect.

This has, of course, been noted for some time. The James Committee looked into the whole question of the education and training of teachers in those faraway, heady days of 1972. Emphasising that in-service training should be given the 'highest priority', it said:

> Many teachers at present are outstandingly effective and enjoy a high degree of satisfaction in their work. Others are less fortunate. It is no accident that teachers in the former category tend to be those who have the benefit of in-service opportunities to extend their personal education and professional skills.

The report therefore proposed that every teacher should have one term of in-service training for every seven years in service (going down eventually to one term in five years) and that a national council for teacher education, responsible for both planning and the validation of courses, should be set up and served by a network of regional councils.

Sensible and moderate proposals perhaps, but in the six years since the situation has in general got demonstrably worse. The national council has not been set up; the nearest to it is a sub-committee to the (purely advisory) DES committee on the supply and training of teachers. Nor are there regional councils; their creation was effectively blocked by the local education lobby, doubtless terrified of the apparently outrageous prospect of having to share some of their hard-won power with teachers and the relevant training institutions. In the meantime, however, the then existing network of Area Training Organisations, based on university departments of education and responsible for recommendations about provision in the area, had been disbanded Now all that exists is a collection of liaison committees set up by some local authorities, while about half the authorities have not even bothered to do that.

On top of this vacuum have come the ravages of the financial cutbacks. Faced with having to cut millions off their education budgets, local authorities (and particularly councillors) are naturally inclined to subordinate in-service training with its rather vague promises of a better tomorrow, to the more immediate problem of keeping down class sizes and providing roofs over heads. In a spot check last week, Cambridgeshire told me that they had cut their commitment to long and short courses by half in 1977-78, thereby saving £51,500. Devon said that they had been reducing their commitment for several years: from 54 teacher years in 1974-75 to 40.3 in 1975-76 to 29 in 1976-77 and 16 in 1977-78 (though it is due to go up again to 20 in 1978-79).

Quite clearly all was far from well, and in July the education Green Paper made a gallant attempt to revive the failing corpse. Emphasising that the fall in the birth rate gave 'both opportunity and greater need for in-service provision' it stated quite clearly that provision varied widely from area to area, and in some authorities was 'quite inadequate'. It also emphasised four areas in which in-service training was particularly needed: for teaching in multi-racial and inner city schools; for the two shortage subject-areas of mathematics and modern languages; for remedial education; and for preparing senior teachers 'for the complex tasks of school organisation and management'. It pledged the government to plan for a figure of 18,500 teachers on in-service training by 1981 – a figure roughly in line with the James recommendations, and suggested that each local authority should set up its own advisory machinery.

Since then there has been a flurry of activity and interest in in-service training (which one hopes is for reasons other than just avoiding the teacher redundancy that would otherwise be inevitable, given the falling rolls). The whole subject is now graced with the catchy acronym – INSET. The latest issue of the DES journal *Trends of Education* devoted 34 of its 56 pages to the topic. In November the Department announced that it was to spend £53,000 on two research projects: one to evaluate school-based in-service programmes and another to examine the increasing demand for in-service B Ed. courses. Last week the DES organised a major conference in Bournemouth, and the Secretary of State herself took a few hours to attend.

For once – apart from the traditional huffing and puffing from some union representatives, usually in the form of speeches delivered at dictation speed to the press bench – there was general agreement that the necessary resources are actually available, and that the problem is in ensuring that they are spent in the good and decent manner intended. And this is where a number of difficulties emerge. How much in-service training should be done in the schools, and how much in colleges or other institutions? How can all teachers be persuaded to attend, and not just the good ones? How can the training be evaluated?

The most favoured solution to emerge (and you should have guessed it by now) was the introduction of some kind of regional structure. This, of course, is by now far easier said than done. The Oakes Committee, currently looking into the ways of administering institutions of higher education, is said to be considering this problem, but some informed opinions suggest that it will have little to say on it. Besides, the chances of any recommendation actually being implemented are, as we all know in the current political and economic situation, less than good. The Secretary of State's strategy at the moment clearly seems to be government by contagion, an attempt to influence opinion at the grassroots through certain manouevres at the centre. Hence the conference on in-service education. Hence also the announcement there that the DES was shortly to institute a survey of current in-service education and training practices throughout the country.

But this is a haphazard technique at the best of times. Yet the Secretary of State did assure all delegates that we were still on target for 1981, and as always with this Secretary of State one would so much like to believe her. But two days after she appeared at the conference the education press expanded their story of the missing £7m. for inservice education into a story of £127m. missing throughout education generally. It was a timely reminder that government by contagion is unlikely to be enough, and that determined central action to create some kind of universally-accepted regional structure for in-service training is long overdue. Otherwise the acknowledged variations in the quality of our teaching force – and therefore of our education service – will increase still further.

This Turkey

☐ Members of the Turkish Parliament exchanged punches yesterday in a violent debate over Mr Ecevit's new programme for peace and unity. Violence erupted when the Prime Minister went to the rostrum to defend his 'peace and unity' policy. – *The Times* (M. Hoose)

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South African Diary

☐ The South African English-language press reports of what Donald Woods has been saying since his impudent escape into Lesotho make comic reading. 'Asked in London what he thought of South Africa's present leaders, Mr Woods expressed himself forcefully. Did he favour violent change in the Republic? Mr Wood's answer was a surprising one.' And so on. As a banned non-person, Woods cannot be quoted here. Indeed editors have been warned by Minister of Justice Kruger not to try quoting Woods under the pretence that Mrs Woods said it. Fortunately, though, not even Mr Kruger could stop them printing the news that Donald Woods had been given an award as 'editor of the year' by Granada TV's *What the Papers Say*. In fact Woods's own old paper, the East London *Daily Dispatch*, proudly carried the item on its front page.

☐ The authorities perhaps as a result, are in a rage. Trouble is brewing for the country's oldest English language paper, the *Johannesburg Star*, following an editorial about Woods's defection in its 5 January issue. Commissioner of Police General Gert Prinsloo has made a complaint to the Press Council – a relatively harmless step in Britain, but much more ominous here. Denying that he has ordered his men-in-blue to withhold all information from the *Star*'s reporters, Prinsloo explained that the interdict extended only to certain information; notably the basis of his complaint to the Press Council.

☐ Censorship is a way of life here. The Directorate of Publications, located in Cape Town, continues to churn out lists of banned books and pamphlets (not to mention 8mm movies). Almost any title beginning with 'Hot' or 'She' stands no chance; sex is a fatal word. Basic facts about human reproduction continue to appal the repressed Calvinist-Afrikaaner mind. Banned are *How a Baby is Made*, *How Life Begins*, and a (no doubt filthy) BBC publication *Know Your Body*, by Michael Jeffries. No fundamental criticism of the apartheid system is allowed in. R. W. Johnson's brilliant *How Long Will South Africa Survive?* is now proscribed reading. Even general academic theory, if left-orientated, is impermissible: for example Michael Harrington's *The Twilight of Capitalism* and T. B. Bottomore's *Sociology as Social Criticism*. The name Hitler clearly precipitates murky volcanic heavings in the censors' darkest places. Banned is Joachim C. Fest's *Hitler*, as well as Jillian Becker's hostile portrait of the Baader-Meinhof gang, *Hitler's Children*. (Perhaps the title suggests illicit sexual intercourse on the part of the Führer). South Africans are not allowed to read Ed McBain; nor, to strike a contrast, Marina Warner's gentle, sensitive novel *In a Dark Wood*. Paul Theroux's *The Great Railway Bazaar* is out of bounds, as is John Fowles's *Daniel Martin*. (Frederick Forsyth's *The Odessa File* was originally banned, but the prohibition was lifted in 1972. Why?)

☐ Some of the titles listed impose the thought that the censor never got beyond the title. (And who can blame him, with so much to read?) Surely the prohibition on Alan Coren's punchy *The Lady From Stalingrad Mansions* was based on a misunderstanding? Likewise, at a slightly more serious level, the ban on Solzhenitsyn's *Open Letter to the Soviet Leadership*. No sympathy, however, for George Melly; a book called *Rum, Bum* and *Concertina* must surely be incompatible with Christian values, quite apart from its devastating impact on the primitive Bantu mind. (Blacks are allowed to use the Reading Room of the Johannesburg Public Library, so long as they don't go to the wrong toilet.)

☐ A beefy young man I met told me that he was in the South African navy and that he had enjoyed playing rugby in France at third division level. Lacking a player's permit to begin with, he had been warned to commit no gross fouls and to keep his mouth shut. What had he been doing in

France for six months? Well, actually, commissioning a French-built Corvette into the South African navy. But things had ended badly; shortly after the ship's first sea trial, the French Government had called off the whole deal. 'I can tell you, the boys were pretty fed up.' French respect for the UN's boycott of arms shipments to South Africa? Maybe. But, according to the *Rand Daily Mail*, France's Foreign Minister, Louis de Guiringand, explained to the council for nuclear foreign policy in December that the primary consideration was uranium, which can be purchased for francs rather than foreign currency. Apparently Niger is sensitive about apartheid. The rugby players could probably learn a trick or two from the politicians.

☐ In South Africa the barons of business are always in the news. Harry Oppenheimer, chairman of the gigantic Anglo-American Corporation and philanthropist, has warned that trade sanctions would only depress black wages, whereas the aim was to raise them. With the price of gold now rocketing over $170 an ounce (compared with $35 ten years ago), and the blacks of Soweto in so bitter a frame of mind that whites cannot enter the township without a permit, one knows what progressive Harry means.

☐ Of similar outlook, no doubt, is Henry Ford II, now visiting South Africa for the first time in ten years. The Ford Motor Company ranks as the largest American employee of labour here: 4,731 workers, and sales worth $220m. a year. Those who have seen or read Athol Fugard's play, *Sizwe Bansi Is Dead*, will recall the elaborate charade of hygiene and model-factory conditions laid on for the visit of the great bossman from Detroit. Has Ford heeded the Sullivan manifesto a guideline for US companies operating in South Africa? Apparently many of his black workers are less than contented. But Ford has his problems: total car sales by all manufacturers have dropped from 350,000 in 1975 to 260,000 in 1977. No wonder Ford is being, as a local paper put it, 'carefully vague about his purposes'. After all, as both Oppenheimer and Ford know, no profits, no philanthropy for Sizwe Bansi.

☐ Is South Africa becoming a banana republic? Many people opposed to Afrikaaner political orthodoxy fear so. During the past decade at least 600 incidents of physical attacks or physical intimidation of dissidents have been recorded: petrol bombs, bricks, slashed tyres, skinned cats dumped on the doorstep, acid-impregnated T-shirts for children, 'You're next!' notes. On 7 January, Dr Richard (Rick) Turner was killed by a single bullet fired through the window of his Durban home. A graduate of the Sorbonne and a political science lecturer at the University of Natal until he was 'banned' five years ago, Turner had perhaps committed a graver offence than championing the cause of the non-whites; in clear violation of the law, he had actually married one.

Michael Glyn

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard

☐ Many immigrants vote Labour because they think the 'labour exchanges' where they sign on for unemployment benefit belong to the Labour Party, it was claimed yesterday by Dharam Duggal, elected the first coloured ward chairman of a Birmingham Conservative Association. – *Sunday Times* (G. Proffer)

☐ Mr William Nightingale, general manager of General Foods' Maxpax division, predicted yesterday that it would generate as much excitement in the vending industry as the launch of the in-cup method four years ago. The national tea break was a 'highly emotively charged area', he said, 'generating more personnel meetings and industrial disputes than the question of industrial democracy'. – *The Times* (H. Carol)

☐ Students at Kent University in Canterbury have been asked to remove saucy pictures from their rooms before 400 bishops move in for a conference. – *Daily Express* (M. Boom)

☐ Mr Presslee told the meeting that his godfather was Fred Ellis, the hangman who executed 39 people. He said: 'Fred used to hang a man before breakfast and then go and have a good hearty plate of eggs and bacon. This is justice.' – *Southend Echo* (F. Glynn)

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University Forum

Bill Grantham*

Café Society

It sometimes seems as if Liverpool has the same effect as a dose of Huxley's *soma*. The merest mention brings a smile to the face and a feeling of serene well-being. The very name has associations with joyous youth, unique wit, and the music everybody loves best. To the cosmopolitan Londoner Liverpool sounds, well, quaint. Of course, people are very good at playing a part once they know one's expectations. There is rarely a shortage of collaborators in occupied countries, eager to please the occupying forces' demands that they conform to a well-established caricature. And Liverpool *has* been occupied. In the Sixties the eyes of not only the rest of the country, but of the world were focused on the city which spawned the Beatles.

Nowadays, of course, nobody takes a lot of notice of Liverpool. But does the Scouser let on? Not a bit of it. Liverpool is still in a state of occupation in its own mind. The image is played to the hilt – the sharp wit, the iconoclastic irreverence, the outrageous deadpan unpredictability, the carefree optimism. But there could not be a more glaring example of fiddling while Rome burns. For many Liverpudlians, decadence is the thing.

Café-Kirkland's on Hardman Street is a converted bakery striving to be a continental café. It has many attractions – good food, coffee and wine at reasonable prices – the alternative to the pub which many English people have been dreaming about for years. It has also been the big attraction for the city's 'bright young things', playing a café society image to the hilt. It has a doorman dressed in a morning suit with a line in John Cleese-style lunacy. It is filled with *poseurs* with loud voices, there to be seen and in fierce competition with the other customers for attention. The window always has a breezy notice in extrovert lettering, one last June telling us that 'These are the Days'. They have their own decadent hero, George Melly, who has performed there, and who seems in complete keeping with the period air of aspidistra-camp.

Kirkland's won't last, of course. That is to say, the business may well survive but not 'the place'. Already new ground is being sought. The bistro of the newly re-opened Everyman Theatre is becoming popular, and because it can be said to be distinctively 'Liverpudlian', away from the city centre and not a venue for 'commercial' theatre, it is going to provide strong competition.

Liverpool in the Sixties did not only produce the Beatles. The Mersey Boom also gave rise to a popular, idiosyncratic subculture. The Penguin Modern Poets collection called *The Mersey Poets* has been the most successful in that long series. And they are still about, Adrian Henri, Brian Patten and Roger McGough, and they still live in 1965. The natural successor to the Mersey Boom is the Liverpool School of Language, Dream, Music and Pun in Mathew Street, a stone's throw from the hole in the ground where the famous Cavern once stood. The school is very much a conscious inheritor of the Sixties mantle, as its close proximity to that shrine shows. It has had its successes, most notably the widely acclaimed science-fiction epic 'Illuminatus', and it has become the venue for an annual C. G. Jung festival, described to me by the school's founder, Peter Osborne-O'Halligan as 'a fun occasion, a sort of wake'. It has a great banner which is sometimes drapes across Mathew Street. It says: 'These are the Days'. The whimsical cultural stance still survives, but the Swinging Sixties have been replaced by the Solemn Seventies. It is not a puritanical dislike of people enjoying themselves that makes one unhappy about the places like Kirkland's and the Liverpool School; it is the attitudes that they seem to embody within their walls.

For many people Liverpool is a nightmare. It is a nightmare for the sociologist, the health visitor, the town planner and the community relations man. It is an even greater nightmare for many of the half-million-odd people who live there. It is almost a textbook for the well-documented inner-city disease. In some areas adult unemployment stands as high as 18 per cent. Famous theatres in the industrial war such as Cammell Laird and Ford's Halewood are among the major employers. In the past year report after report, both British and European, has singled out the city as an example of one modern ill or another. Drive through the notorious Liverpool 8 and you will see street after street of derelict, boarded-up property, which now a few housing trusts are gallantly trying to restore – the smallest finger in the dyke of squalor. It is pointless to try to list all the city's problems, but they are increasing all the time; the efforts of successive local authorities and governments have been inadequate.

It is not such an impertinent question to ask if the Liverpudlians around Kirkland's and the Liverpool School really care about this manifest ugliness in their city – there are certainly large areas which could easily win for Liverpool from London the title 'The Great Wen'. Decadence is of course a desperate gesture of a declining social structure, bread and circuses while there is still bread about. But there are some people who are trying to do something. Liverpool was one of the earliest homes for community newspapers, and Chrissy Maher's *Tuebrook Bugle* is still going, as is the Impact Foundation which she helped to found. It publishes free, easy-to-read newspapers to aid the adult literacy campaign, as well as taking on commercial work to finance its other ventures. Impact is one of the best examples of caring Liverpudlians trying to help themselves.

But what are the Liverpool University students doing? The answer is, not much. The university itself stands at the top of Mount Pleasant, largely apart from the town. Behind it are the ugly council estates of Edge Hill. It acts as a physical barrier, if nothing else, architecturally attractive in a town where attractive buildings tend to be overshadowed by incongruously ugly ones (there are in any case a mere six Grade One buildings in the entire area, and one of these is under threat of demolition from the nuns who own it). A recent article compared it with the worst of American commuter-universities, and this was not far off the point. Despite the students' union's attempts to attract people, the fact remains that most leave the university at 5 p.m. to return to their houses and flats, or to the halls of residence in cosy, suburban Mossley Hill. There is very little political or social consciousness among the students. It was easy for these predominately middle-class people to be concerned ten years ago when they had money in their pockets and the world's problems were thousands of miles away in Vietnam. Nowadays there are more immediate problems, like how to get a job, which tend to divert the attention. Those students who are politically aware are also, sadly, politically motivated. Within the union, the accent is more often on polarisation and manoeuvre than on any particular policy. On the Left, there is both inter- and intra-factional bickering which tends on the most part to dissipate the limited resources available for campaigning. The average student sees the politicians as 'hacks' and, in doing so, shies away not only from politics, but from any involvement in student affairs at all.

Thus, the physical shape of the university and its residences, along with the intimidating battles within the students' union, make communication difficult for students. One has to go out of one's way ever to see the wastelands of Kirkby or Knotty Ash. But who can blame the students for being out of touch in a community where almost everybody is out of touch anyway?

**Bill Grantham studies English at Liverpool University.*

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Getting To Know You

The lives of others are sometimes indeed a mystery wrapped in an enigma, or whatever that phrase is. Going with my parents to the 1924 Wembley Exhibition and calling at the Lost Property Office in search of an umbrella missing from a previous visit (my mother, intent on other matters, had left it in the Ladies), we were astonished to see, among the many mislaid objects on display, a full set of false teeth, promptly claimed by a fellow-inquirer who, to make quite sure they were his, instantly plunged them, careless of hygiene, between his gums and champed them up and down a few times, subsequently departing fully satisfied and, as with Miss Prism's handbag, delighted to have them so unexpectedly restored to him.

Now, in what possible circumstances could one, especially in the daytime, lose false teeth? Had he recklessly ventured on the Dodgems in the fun fair and had them jerked out of his mouth? Did they get embedded perhaps in a soggy Exhibition doughnut and had been absent-mindedly tossed into a refuse bin? Our brolly was rescued and later on we saw the teeth-owner again, happily flashing a big, gleaming smile at the British dairy-maids bravely churning their hearts out in the Butter Pavilion.

In the field of weird lives, wedded bliss particularly produces a poser or two. There is a theory that in a marriage, provided at least one of the two people concerned is absolutely determined to make it work, the partnership has a good chance of contented survival. Never having been called upon to sidle nervously up the aisle through pews boasting a proud display of unfortunate new hats and Sketchley-fresh garments, and squeak out an alarmed 'I do' at the altar steps, I am really unable to pronounce on such matters and all the happy couples that I know seem to be happy indeed. Who can tell whether both or either of them is struggling away to keep things maritally going behind the scenes, tactfully doing this, nobly refraining from doing that?

Some of the marriages culled at random from history's pages do, though, provide rather thoughtful moments. Whatever can it have been like to have been Mrs Gladstone and on the receiving end of the Prime Minister, especially on those mornings (we know how philanthropically his evenings were spent) when William awoke feeling frisky and in the mood for tickles? Were her cries of 'Isn't it time you were getting down to the House, dear?' playfully smothered by the bolster? The over-crowded nurseries reveal only too clearly that few Victorian husbands took no for an answer. And, with one's thoughts running politically on, Mrs Baldwin's reactions on a similar occasion are well, if possibly apocryphally, known to us. But she, on the other hand, was surprisingly enough an ace cricketer and was doubtless accustomed to receiving those hard knocks at long leg that build character and help to fit one for life's battle. And one's sympathies fly across the years to another victim. It really can't have been much fun to have been Mrs Lincoln, before, that is to say, the little mishap.

The wedded conditions existing among a varied assortment of modern and outwardly ordinary couples are now placed before us in a volume sober in content but boldly entitled *Treat Yourself To Sex* ('A guide for good loving' encourage the fully qualified authors, Paul Brown and Carolyn Faulder, and Messrs Dent will hand over a copy for £4.95). Here, for all to see and brood on, are the married 'difficulties' experienced by a wide range of pairs chummily introduced to us as Wendy and Ray, Jane and Jack, Arthur (no relation) and Mavis, Sally and David, Peter and Fay, and Alec and Joan. You'll obviously want to know, delicately expressed, what the troubles were, and I'm sorry to say that it is generally agreed to have been principally the gentlemen who were at fault. Ray was off to dreamland the very moment his head touched the Dunlopillo, Jack had 'reverted to his bachelor habits' (unidentified), Arthur kept himself to himself and preferred to play a lone hand, David was reluctant to commit himself fully, while Peter's approach was over-hasty. Alec had merely lost his 'zip', a word which I place in inverted commas in case it should be supposed that Alec's bags were mechanically unsound and were flapping revealingly open. A sad record of failure, as you see, and perhaps echoed in many a home.

But stay! For those whose romances are now on the rusty side or which never in the first case amounted to anything very much, our kind authors suggest a stimulating five-day crash course for livening things up. Away at once with those inhibitions and get, as they say, stuck in. Day One finds you both peeling off every stitch of clothing and, in total silence, taking it in turns to examine yourselves intently in a full-length looking glass, peering now here, now there (a hand-mirror dexterously employed will assist you to take in parts not normally within visual reach). Day Two is the same as Day One but done in a flood of merry chatter. Jabber away like anything about your own body, and if you happen to feel like saying 'I do wish I had longer lobes', or whatever, just go right ahead and say it. Day Three finds us stripped off once more and at it again, only this time we 'pass remarks' about each other's bodies (although the authors urge us to be straightforward in criticism, I consider that, as a sample phrase, their suggestion of 'I find your behind is fat and lumpy' just a shade too personal). Day Four brings a change, welcome or not as the case may be. We place our heads in each other's laps and listen to whatever body noises happen to be going on at the time – thump thump, rumble rumble, gurgle gurgle. 'You may be dressed or not for this.' Thanks very much.

I am sorry to say that our final day, Day Five, presents a serious problem or two. Though the authors seek to hearten us by announcing that a certain type of male moth can smell the presence of his female counterpart at a distance of one and a half miles, some of us have really no wish at all to emulate this gift and smell anybody even at a distance of one and a half feet, yet this is exactly what we are now encouraged to do, moving in very much closer as the pace quickens. Worse is to come. 'Have a bath together', they advise. I feared as much. Who sits where, may I ask? Are we to be back to back or in a general jumble, legs and everything else in all directions? My bath at home accommodates me snugly enough but the insertion of another body would cause it instantly to overflow. Nor do I fancy sharing a sponge, let alone anything else.

However, for those who can manage these gymnastics, I have a helpful hint. At Christmas, a friend of mine was given some Perfumed Floating Candles. 'Use them in flower bowls and punch bowls' it said in the instructions on the box (hoping for a foreign market, the candles were also described as *Bougies Flottantes Parfumées*). Get some at once, for there was a further instruction, 'Float them in the bath for that special occasion'. If ever there was a special occasion, Day Five is it. Your doctor will advise you about the best treatment for burns in unusual places.

Roger Woddis

Too Bloody True

The BBC has banned Roy Minton's television play *Scum*, alleging that it distorts the truth about life in a Borstal.

The overheated potter's clay
Lies cracking in the kiln,
And here's another brimstone play
To upset Mr Milne.
The words admittedly, though Roy's,
Are those of screws and cons;
If only all those Borstal boys
Would talk like Oxford dons!

We must have done with violence
And language that is coarse,
Unless the rival combatants
Are seated on a horse.
Dad can take carnage in his stride,
Murder's all right for Mother,
Provided good is on one side
And evil on the other.

Auntie is much possessed by truth,
However it appals;
She bravely scans corrupted youth,
But not behind high walls;
And documented batterings
Are better left alone:
What shocks her isn't crawling things
But lifting up the stone.

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Letters to the Editor

Labour and Two Dictatorships

Sir, I'd like to congratulate Christopher Hitchens and the NEW STATESMAN for the informed, deeply saddening report on Argentina and Chile (NS 13 January). Perhaps the most saddening aspect of what has happened, viewed from this country, is the apparent absence of any government policy on Argentina. There's been no arms embargo, no condemnation in the UN, the EEC, the House of Commons, or anywhere else for that matter. There's been no attempt to block loans, no change in our diplomatic relations, and, in many respects the most deadly omission, no sense of urgency in establishing an adequate refugee programme for Argentines and those of other nationalities who are trapped in what one group of Canadian MPs described as 'one gigantic prison'. On the other hand, we have seen Mr Healey extend a welcome on two occasions to his Argentine opposite number, the man responsible for bringing wages there to their lowest point in 30 years; we've heard General Videla say how pleased he is at the progress made in the Falklands negotiations; the Embassy's red carpet awaits the London Chamber of Commerce trade mission in April (which also wants to visit the neighbouring dictatorships of Paraguay and Uruguay), reflecting the present mini-boom in Anglo-Argentine business relations.

In November of last year, just two months ago, an army patrol shot and killed a railway worker who had the temerity to picket one of the main stations in Buenos Aires: not content with the monstrous injustice of the act itself (which carries a maximum sentence of ten years), the order went out to all radio and television stations that the news of the killing should be broadcast throughout the day at half-hourly intervals. How much longer can a Labour government turn a blind eye to this sort of occurrence? Still more to the point, in whose best interest has the kidnapping of a British subject by Argentine security forces been kept from public knowledge for the past three months? We've seen how the Government has opposed the abuse of human rights in Chile; Dr Owen has spoken of his intention to 'bring such effective pressure as we can to bear on the military Junta over the whole of our relations with Chile, in order to promote the restoration of human rights there'. Two years after the coup in Argentina, we are entitled to ask Dr Owen when we can see the first sign of effective pressure being brought to bear, for exactly similar humanitarian reasons, on the exactly similar regime in Argentina – or does that only happen with countries we can afford not to trade with, and after one of the best organised and most widely supported campaigns in years, as has been the case in Chile?

DAVID THOMAS

12 Berkeley Square
London W1

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Breaching the Peace

Sir, There might be something in Crucifer's suggestion (London Diary, 13 January) that cases involving incitement to racial hatred be brought under the Public Order Act rather than the Race Relations Act. How easy it would be to secure prosecutions was revealed in a recent *Guardian* report on 10 January which told of a magistrates' court at Rotherham fining three people £20 for wearing 'Stuff the Jubilee' badges. Apparently they were 'displaying abusive and insulting posters which could cause a breach of the peace'. I do not want to involve Her Majesty in the controversy but, if the words 'Stuff the Jubilee' are likely to cause a breach of the peace, what the hell is 'Pull the trigger, kill a nigger' going to do? Or 'One down, a million to go'? Over to you, Mr Silkin.

JOHN DAVIES
Secretary
Welsh Committee Against Racialism
17 Sunny Bank
Machen, Gwent

Rap on the Knuckles

Sir, I have always thought that the NEW STATESMAN's endorsement of a 'Yes' vote in the Common Market referendum was an aberration to be explained only on the basis of a complete failure to grasp the basic facts. Confirmation of this view comes in last week's London Diary. The case currently before the European Commission on Human Rights, concerning birching in the Isle of Man, arises under the European Convention on Human Rights to which the UK adhered two decades before we joined the EEC. It has nothing to do with the Common Market.

BRYAN GOULD
House of Commons

No Front in the West?

Sir, In the article 'The Western Front' by Patrick Wintour and John Hughes it was stated that a Youth National Front Group had been formed at the Saltash Comprehensive School in Cornwall. I would point out this is quite wrong. No such group exists there. This must cast doubt on the source of this information and I am most concerned that your reporters did not check the authenticity of such a statement with the school. I am sure you will appreciate the anxiety such reports cause children, parents and teachers at the school, especially in a small community such as Saltash.

L. W. COX
Chairman of the Board of Governors
Saltash Comprehensive School
Saltash, Cornwall

Sir, Patrick Wintour and John Hughes in their article (NS 13 January) referred to the existance of a National Front in this school 'howling down Marxist indoctrinators'. I feel compelled to write to you and refute such implications.

Members of the National Front have caused no such disturbance in this school, nor would I allow them at any time to enter the premises. There are certainly no Marxist teachers here. Such an implication has greatly angered my staff. Out of a sixth form of 140 I believe there are two or three only who have some connection with the National Front, but to imply that there is a National Front group in this school is both misleading and harmful in that it undermines the confidence of parents and public alike in the school. I can only assume that Mr Wintour and Mr Hughes have been misinformed by members of the National Front in the town. They have certainly provided the publicity the National Front were probably seeking.

A. H. HAYWARD
Headmaster

Bodmin School
Bodmin
Cornwall

Noise from Hastings

Sir, I was astonished to find that Grandmaster Miles should have chosen to deliver a damaging attack on the Hastings Chess Congress and even more astonished that you should have allowed it to be printed (NS 6 January) without any inquiry into its veracity or justification. Ever since 1920 a devoted band of workers has given time and labour without any expectation of reward to make the advancement of young players like Grandmaster Miles possible and to bring within their grasp the chance of professional emoluments which players of my generation never enjoyed. To be rewarded for doing their best with the limited funds and facilities available to them by being exposed to public ridicule is not only infuriating but extremely hurtful.

Let us get a few facts straight:

(1) Chess tournaments in England have to be privately financed for neither the Sports Council nor the Arts Council will help, as they say the game is not within their respective spheres of activity. The Minister of Sport has tried his best to ease the situation in that direction and the Duke of Edinburgh has endeavoured to influence sponsors to take an interest in helping chess.

(2) Of course we realise that our efforts are far from what we should like to give the chess world if we had funds of the kind which are now being pumped into cricket, golf, tennis and other pastimes and you and Grandmaster Miles might be agreeably surprised if, instead of your scorn, you gave us your cooperation in finding such benefactors.

(3) Grandmaster Miles should understand that halls are expensive to hire, hotel bills run into thousands of pounds and players' expenses and emoluments are likewise costly. If we had the resources to buy off the pantomime and take over the Concert Hall in the White Rock Pavilion there would be an immense improvement, but how do we ever do such a thing if we are to be bashed by the press in articles likely to drive away intending backers?

(4) Hastings is one of a pitifully small number of British towns willing directly to help with finance. It is easy to suggest going to another town, but it might help if Grandmaster Miles would tell me of any town which would provide an annual grant from its rates for a congress. Teesside, perhaps, where the Council, after a few years' support, threw out plans for a Queen's Silver Jubilee Tournament? Birmingham where, except for 1951, the Council will give no support even for a tournament basically designed for its own schoolboy players (including Grandmaster Miles in his younger days) beyond free use of a school hall? If he knows one he has the advantage of me, for I have searched in the wilderness for many months.

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(5) His point about the lack of West European players is amazing, for there are only about 27 grandmasters in the area, several no longer active and a number not considered strong enough by our selectors. There are about four times as many in the USSR and its neighbouring lands. If he will look up his records he will see that almost every leading tournament in recent years has had a large number of East Europeans for the very good reason that there cannot be leading tournaments without them. Moreover, the chess public is most interested in seeing the Russians and would be greatly disappointed to hear they were not coming. After all, in only four of the last 50 years has the World Championship been held by a player who was not of Russian origin.

W. RITSON MORRY
Chief Controller
Hastings International Chess Congress
Yelton Hotel
Hastings

Lucas Classicus

Sir, In his article on the Lucas Combine's Corporate Plan (NS 20 January) Patrick Wintour tells us that the 'philosophical and technical implications of the plan are now being discussed on average 25 times a week in the international media'. The 'plan' raises many issues, and questions (and many of us will agree, rightly so) the whole basis on which we order our affairs. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that these wider discussions will bring some objectivity into the debate for up to now (at least from the few I have attended in this country and others I have read about) this has been particularly lacking.

To take up just one – but fundamental – point. We are apparently no nearer to a common understanding of what is meant by 'socially useful products' than we were when we first read of the 'plan'. To suggest that there are products which can be described as 'socially useful' implies that there are also those which are 'socially useless' that we have factories making these and that we, the customers (either individual, corporate or government) have a need or desire for and are willing to pay for, such products. The simple paradox which this implies is, of course, complicated by our all having our own individual ideas as to what are socially useful or useless products. People have different views about the 'social usefulness' of, for example, motor cars, cigarettes, whisky, washing machines – or kidney machines. I don't know the economic selling price of a kidney machine but would we be willing to trade, say 2,000 gallons of beer, 50 washing machines, 20 continental holidays or one car, for each kidney machine? If we had kidney machines high enough on our list of priorities, industry (not necessarily, and most probably not, Lucas Aerospace) perceiving this market opportunity would be quick to exploit it.

TERRY SIMMS
14 Winter Court
Sandy Lane
Allerton
Bradford

Waugh's Journalism

Sir, I can scarcely hope to interest a reviewer who believes that Evelyn Waugh's novels 'derive from daily journalism'. But your readers might like to know (a) that Waugh wrote surprisingly few travel articles; and (b) that I could not dredge up anything from 'the few months' in 1927 when Waugh was a 'full time Beaverbrook hack' because, as Waugh repeatedly said, nothing he wrote during his six weeks on the *Express* as a trainee reporter was ever printed. The Ruskinesque 'Preface to the Decorative Designs of Francis Crease' belongs to 1927. Mr Raban (NS 23 & 30 December) might learn from it that among Waugh's varied, indeed conflicting, endowments were permanent inclinations towards fine language and delicacy of thought and feeling. He was also brilliantly well equipped for some forms of sensational journalism which require 'bald simplicities and violent logic'. *A Little Order* is intended to illustrate Evelyn Waugh's versatility; I am sorry if in doing so it makes Jonathan Raban's thesis look funny.

DONAT GALLAGHER
James Cook University
Townsville
Australia

Let Dons Delight . . .

Sir, Mr Prentki's reply (Letters 13 January) to Valentine Cunningham's attack on the portent of Francis Warner will cut no ice with anyone who happened to *see* the Sage of St Peter's antics, as recorded in a rather nasty ITV film about the life-style in vogue at Oxford, shown some months ago. In its depressing and irresponsible course we watched Warner rehearsing naked girls in a nihilistic play, directing an actor by shouting inflexions into his face, and later cavorting in what appeared to be a mood of frenzy. What, one wonders, would Pope have made of such a figure in *any* university – but of course it is the dunces themselves who write our modern Dunciads. One can only hope the English faculty realises what it is doing.

Finally, I don't want to be catty, but I cannot resist passing on a personal anecdote relating to the esteem in which Warner the poet is actually held: a couple of years ago I came across two recent volumes of his poems, each selling for a few pence, in a secondhand-bookshop in Chiswick. The fly-leaves bore an inscription by the poet, 'to Sir John Gielgud, the greatest living exponent of verse-speaking, in gratitude and admiration . . .' Stolen copies, I dare say. For myself, I found them, on glancing into the poetry, an entirely resistible bargain.

BRYAN ROBSON
19 East Sheen Avenue
East Sheen
London SW14

Fathers and Sons

Sir, In your leading article of 20 January, you say 'It was Sir Oswald Mosley's son who said of him that "while the right hand dealt with grandiose, ideas and glory, the left hand let the rat out of the sewer".' May I make it clear that this remark, which I made in an interview in 1971, was a description of what seems to me to be a tragic predicament that haunts all idealistic politicians who challenge the status quo, and was not an accusation against my father?

NICHOLAS MOSLEY
9 Church Row
London NW3

The Uncommon Pursuit

Sir, Gavin Ewart, reviewing *The Leavises, the 'Social' and the Left* (NS 23 & 30 December), which we publish: 'It is not to be recommended to the common reader.' The same reviewer in the same review: 'When you are 20, you can be told what to read, and profit from it. By the time you are 30 you ought to be able to make up your own mind.' Well, which? Does it matter or doesn't it that the judgments made by reviewers influence buyers for bookshops and libraries and so influence the possibility of people making up their own minds? Does it matter or doesn't it that as Mr Ewart rightly says 'there are reviewers of poetry who devote column inches to deriding the photographs of the poets on the book jackets'? And that other forms of non-judgment are frequently published just as if they were genuine reviews? 'Long-term standards would be nice to have,' says Mr Ewart, but on the other hand 'criticism of criticism' is 'not to be recommended to the common readers'. Well, which? We do at least know where we stand, Dr Watson and his publishers: we want standards of criticism and know that without them there won't be any common readers. Right or wrong this is at least coherent, which Mr Ewart isn't. He is a not uncommon example of the spectacle, strange to me, of critical reviewing devoted to the belief that criticism is frivolous.

IAN ROBINSON
The Brynmill Press
15 Cobwell Road
Retford
Nottinghamshire

Missing Person

Sir, We have heard with great concern of the unexplainable detention of Ngugi wa Thiong'o by the Kenyan authorities. He is one of the finest writers in Africa, a novelist whose skill, sincerity and integrity have been an important example to others. It alarms us deeply that, soon after the appearance of his latest controversial book, he should be held, whereabouts unknown, for ten days, in a nation which has sought to distinguish itself by its generous attitudes towards literature and the press. Together with his uncountable readers and admirers all over the world, we are now asking, 'Where is Ngugi, and what offences are alleged against him?'.

DAVID DAICHES — ANGUS CALDER
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Philip Larkin

In the Seventies

The Collected Letters of Thomas Hardy: Vol. I, 1840-1892 edited by Richard Little Purdy & Michael Millgate *Oxford* £12.50

Hardy's burial 50 years ago in Westminster Abbey, with the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, representatives of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and six of the most famous writers of the day acting as pallbearers, was an occasion that would seem to admit little chance of a subsequent increase in reputation. Yet, half a century later, there has certainly been no decline. If Hardy's fame has grown no higher, it has become deeper, broader, more luxuriant; no doubt the present volume, the first of a complete and informatively edited collection of his letters, was timed to appear this year, but it needs no anniversary to justify it. Hardy's stature now is such that its publication was inevitable.

At the same time, any reviewer of this first instalment would do well to follow the example of its editors and be frank. We know already that Hardy was not a natural correspondent: as Professor Pottle said, he husbanded his genius and never intentionally spilled any of it into this form. We have what he wrote to his first wife (*Dearest Emmie*, 1963) and to Florence Henniker (*One Rare Fair Woman*, 1973), and its drab discretion ('Will you caution the servants about turning on and off the gas') suggests that, even if other substantial collections were still unpublished, they would in all probability be equally unremarkable. And there is nothing here to contradict this, even though the first may be the least interesting volume of the seven that are promised. Although it reputedly contains less than a seventh of the total collection, it covers well over half his life – up to, in fact, the great watershed of his reputation, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* in 1892 (there are more letters here from that year than any other). People do not seem to have kept Hardy's letters at this time: apart from those to Emma Lavinia Hardy and Edmund Gosse, these that we now have are mostly to editors, publishers and occasional correspondents. They have, of course, the value of scarcity. But they have little of the expansiveness that the editors promise for later volumes, when Hardy, secure in a comfortable and world-famous old age, became 'less – rather than more – cautious'.

This is much to be regretted, for the first half of any man's life is usually more significant than the second. Ambition, philosophy, love and marriage are likelier there, and Hardy was no exception:

> In the seventies I was bearing in my breast,
> Penned tight,
> Certain starry thoughts that threw a
> magic light
> On the worktimes and the soundless hours
> of rest
> In the seventies . . .

It was the decade of his courtship and wedding of Emma Gifford, and their subsequent two years' idyll at Sturminster Newton ('their happiest days'); of *Under the Greenwood Tree, Far from the Madding Crowd* and *The Return of the Native*; of his abandonment of one profession, and success in another. Had Hardy possessed a different temperament, what letters we could have had! But he didn't: the starry thoughts remained penned tight, at least as far as personal expression went.

This is not to say that the present collection is without interest. One cannot read six or seven hundred letters by even as reticent a man as Hardy without learning something about him. Possibly the first thing one registers is the rapidity with which he was accepted as a successful novelist by smart circles. It is something for 'an obscure young architect with few professional prospects, somewhat countrified manners, an unprepossessing appearance, and a not especially striking personality' to be elected a member of the Savile Club seven years after publishing a first novel at his own expense; yet in another three or four years Hardy was lunching with Lord Houghton, regretting his inability to dine 'to meet Turgenev', sending ferns from 'Mellstock' to Lady Pollock, and touching Irving personally for two seats for his *Romeo and Juliet*. Plainly Hardy loved it, and when Emma Lavinia could not accompany him he let her know what she was missing:

> Lady Winifred's divine blue looking decidedly crumpled about the neck – the stick-up ruff I mean – not so well as when we saw it in all its new glory. Lady Margaret was in black lace . . .

We have become used to the idea that Hardy's character had unexpected facets; in 1875, for instance, when he joined the Copyright Association (a prudent step: the saddest letter in the book dates from 1872 and reads: 'Dear Mr Tinsley, I offer you the copyright of *Under the Greenwood Tree* for the sum of £30 to be paid one month after publication'), as little as two months afterwards he was a member of a delegation that called on Disraeli to request an inquiry into the copyright laws. Clearly the new member must have possessed a more than averagely forceful and cogent personality, to be pressed into such service so soon. Then in 1879 he was a foundation member of the Rabelais Club, a body dedicated to 'virility in literature' (hard to imagine what eponym would be chosen today: Henry Miller?); the invitation came to him as 'the author of the most original, the most virile and most humorous of all modern novels' (in fact, *The Return of the Native*). Remarking drily that the name of Rabelais would be 'misleading to many', Hardy accepted: 'I like the principles of the club immensely.' The notion of hearty literary trenchermen jesting about the way of a man with a maid is somewhat depressing today, but there is no doubt that Hardy won a reputation for outspokenness almost as soon as he began to publish.

Club life must have suited him: he was fortunate to be elected to the Athenaeum in the spring of 1891 – fortunate, because *Tess* appeared later that year, and would certainly not have been to episcopal tastes. This club proved a refuge when *Tess* was attacked: 'it is odd that nearly every adverse criticism is written by a fellow-Savilean.' His evident 'clubbability' must have resulted in part from his own modesty and readiness to please (sometimes evincing an almost Heep-like humility, as when he speaks of Max Gate to Curzon as 'a little place I have for writing in'). He sent his books to well-known people with agreeable notes: *The Woodlanders* to Swinburne, *Far from the Madding Crowd* to Frederick Locker ('when I consider the perfect taste that is shown in all your writings'), *A Group of Noble Dames* to Alfred Austin ('what a master of expression you are') and Lord Lytton ('the number of people who buy [your] books must be enormous'). People sent him books in return: 'when, alas,' he acknowledges to Edmund Gosse, 'did I ever write anything to rival

> His eye that darts above his pipe
> Keen as the flashing of a snipe
> Through beds of windless rushes'

– when, indeed? No doubt this was all part of the life of a professional author of the time, as was writing to Edmund Yates:

> I wish you would say in one line in next week's *World* (if you feel like it) that you think it rather ungenerous of the *Globe* to find fault with my verses spoken by Miss Rehan at the Lyceum Theatre . . .

or again, some years later:

> I do not consider it an undue advertising of oneself to send you for the *World* (if you think it of any interest) the enclosed information which I derive from numerous unexpected letters

– presumably in praise of *Tess*; they were not used, which is just as well if their authors had not envisaged publication. The tone of Hardy's letters is uniformly mild and courteous: one searches in vain for a single angry sentence, though it never does to underrate his irony:

> The other day I read a story entitled 'The Wages of Sin' by Lucas Malet, expecting to find something of the sort therein [that is, plain speaking in sexual matters]. But the wages are that the young man falls over a cliff, & the young woman dies of consumption – not very consequent, as I told the authoress.

Nor was he likely to upset people about politics ('I . . . have always been compelled to forego all participation in active politics') or similar controversies ('I have not as yet been converted to a belief in the desirability of [women's suffrage]'). Yet his opinions, however innocently expressed, always ran directly counter to what was accepted:

> I have sometimes had a dream that the

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church, instead of being disendowed, would be made to modulate by degrees (say as the present incumbents die out) into an undogmatic, non-theological establishment for the promotion of that virtuous living on which all honest men are agreed . . .

It was thus that Hardy, so to speak, backed into controversy over *Tess*: one thinks of Leslie Stephen's exasperated comment: 'You have no more consciousness of these things than a child.' He may have been hurt by the hostile reviews, but more often he sounds either bored or irritated ('The review in the Quarterly is, after all, a mere manufacture, to suit the prejudices of its fossilized subscribers & keep the review alive upon their money'). Other remarks, however ('They are reprinting frantically'), make it clear there were commercial compensations ('I wonder if you think well of the City of London Electric Lighting Co. as an investment?'). But there is not, at this crisis in his life, any more than there was in the preceding 20 years, a single passage that can be cited to prove that its author was not only a man of genius, but of a genius that might be thought peculiarly suited to letter-writing: what more natural for a man who used to notice such things to jot them down in a letter? Here is no darkling thrush, no abandoned sunshade, no satire of circumstances noted from these years when observation was at its sharpest and sensibility at its keenest. As the editors write:

Hardy's profound reserve – rooted in his personality, his upbringing, his class-consciousness, his sense of his professional decorum – made him, and makes him still, one of the most elusive of literary figures . . . the central enigma of his long career is that a man who took such risks and issued such challenges as a novelist and poet should in his own life have been so discreet, so unsure, so self-defensive.

Only one letter indicates Hardy's native temperament to any degree; in April 1889, as the *Early Life* records, he received 'a long and interesting letter from J. Addington Symonds at Davos Platz concerning *The Return of the Native*', and here is his reply:

The tragical conditions of life imperfectly denoted in The Return of the Native & some other stories of mine I am less & less able to keep out of my work. I often begin a story with the intention of making it brighter & gayer than usual; but the question of conscience soon comes in; & it does not seem right, even in novels, to wilfully belie one's own views. All comedy, is tragedy, if you only look deep enough into it.

'Tragedy is true guise, Comedy lies', was the form the aphorism had taken by the time of *Winter Words*; characteristic, but not quite what was hoped for from this volume.

In the seventies those who met me did
not know
Of the vision
That immuned me from the chillings
of misprision
And the damps that choked my goings to
and fro
In the seventies . . .

It is a pity that these letters give no plainer delineation of that vision. Instead, we have Hardy dealing with life deftly and discreetly, promptly and pertinently, coolly and courteously, wishing merely to be considered 'a good hand at a serial'. It is a thought-provoking and at times impressive sight, but not, finally, a compelling one.

Maurice Richardson

Gellermaufry

Natural and Supernatural by BRIAN INGLIS
Hodder & Stoughton £9.95

Rationalists who were perturbed by Bernard Levin's advance fanfare on his medium's trumpet in *The Times* can take a crumb of comfort. This book is less obscurantist than he made it sound, though judging by the way these case-histories develop the prognosis is poor. Brian Inglis may not yet have caught up with the advance-guard of miracle-mongers, the whirling dervishes like Stuart Holroyd and Colin Wilson; but he is getting dangerously near their dust-cloud. The trouble with Inglis is that, though honest, intelligent and industrious, he is obstinate as his national animal the jackass – that noble beast whom Irishmen rightly revere. A few years ago in *Fringe Medicine* he showed a lively Shavian propensity for enfilading the medical establishment; but the way he dug his heels in and refused to give reason the benefit of the doubt, even when confronted by such manifest paranoiac's contraptions as Abram's Box and Reich's portable orgone parlour, made me nervous.

Now, in *Natural and Supernatural* – a 500-page 'History of the Paranormal from Earliest Times up to 1914', so a sequel may be expected – Inglis declares his partisan interest from the start. His argument, I take it, is that recent advances in parapsychology, including proofs of telepathy (and telekinesis), plus the evanescent and contradictory nature of matter as revealed by sub-atomic physics, have made hay of the old-fashioned mechanistic standpoint from which psychic phenomena used to be judged. So it is time to re-examine them in a new light. But of what?

It turns out to be a new nightlight of diminished scepticism, increased credulity – in fact of outright Belief. As for poor old Disbelief, whom we all agreed to leave up there, willingly suspended from the rafters in the psi lab, he has evidently been garotted. It reminds me of my communist days: when I expressed some faint doubts about the infinite moral and intellectual superiority of the international proletariat and its great Leader and Teacher, I was told that by saying such a thing out loud, so that it could be heard, I was influencing the world historical process in the counter-revolutionary direction, guilty of bourgeois objectivism – as bad if not worse than bourgeois subjectivism.

And so, after a passing sideswipe at Geller-doubters, Brian Inglis takes off from the preface and begins at the beginning in the dark backward of the anthropological department, with divination, firewalking, shamanism. Inglis has read widely and writes nicely. He is a good hand with a traveller's tale and a lot of his book

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is fascinating, strongly to be recommended: as entertainment only. He has an eye for unfamiliar aspects of the famous, like Socrates and Cicero, and for interesting lesser-known figures such as Dr Elliotson, the mesmerist so highly thought of by Dickens and Thackeray. Yet, again and again, whether it's the Cana wedding feast, or Dr Johnson's favourite the Cock Lane Ghost, or the Phantom Drummer of Tidworth, you have to make a correction for viewpoint. The fact is that, with or without ESP and electronic indeterminism, most psychic phenomena as reported are just as contrary to the laws of physics and chemistry obtaining in the macrosphere, just as difficult to observe with any certainty, much less to measure, as ever they were. Of course, when he's on to one of the really good traditional things, Inglis plays it straight – for instance, our old friend St Joseph of Copertino, the 17th-century Flying Monk. The elaborate contemporary testimony to Copertino's feats of levitation has shaken even such a staunch sceptic as Dr E. J. Dingwall, albeit St Joseph lived in an age when witchcraft was generally accepted and a witchfinder had no difficulty in collecting sworn eye-witness accounts of infestations of hovels by black imps. (It was Dingwall, incidentally, who at a séance in Massachussets could see none of the elaborate manifestations reported by the other participators, and was told he must be negatively hallucinated.)

An important part of the new nightlight attitude is the myth of a conspiracy over the centuries to suppress or distort the evidence of paranormal activities. It is perfectly true that some psychic investigators do suggest the Two Black Crows, comedians of the 1920s: when one made a joke the other said, 'Boy, even if that was good I wouldn't like it.' They can be crooked, too, like the late Harry Price, who faked the Borley Rectory poltergeist to get better publicity. Honesty seems to be the best levitator. But though I am dismayed to learn from Brian Inglis, following Andrew Lang, how flagrantly Anatole France rigged the sources for his biography of Joan of Arc, it doesn't alter my opinion about where Joan's voices came from.

The most significant part comes when we arrive at that 'whole mine of mysticism hatching beneath the scepticism of the 19th century', as the Goncourts called it. This is the period of the spiritualist wave that spread from America with the Fox sisters, the proliferation of mediums (most of them proved fraudulent), of the scientists Wallace, Crookes and Oliver Lodge who investigated them, and of the indubitably fabulous Daniel Dunglas Home (1833-86), medium extraordinary. Inglis's attitude to the fraudulent ones is characteristic. He doesn't for one moment deny the charges, but he does tend to play them down, and he is very ready to come to the rescue of the benighted scientists who, he feels, got an unfair deal from Victorian philistines. I find something rather equivocal about his attitude towards the mockers (Engels was one of them) of poor Russell Wallace, when his pet medium, Mrs Guppy, one of the fattest women in London, was alleged to have arrived in the middle of a séance at 69 Lambs Conduit Street having been teleported there from Highbury Hill Park. Compare the testimony of Andrija Puharich, the American investigator who claimed that Yuri Geller was instantaneously teleported from down-town Manhattan to Ossining, a distance of 30 miles. However, Inglis's investigation of sources is extremely thorough and he doesn't restrict himself to those that support his side. Thus, when considering Eusapia Palladino, the famous Italian peasant medium who was caught helplessly cheating after some stunning manifestations, he digs up a Russian psychical researcher, Count Perovsky-Petrovo-Solovovo, who appears to have suffered from a strange state of investigator's indecision, oscillating between credulity and incredulity, like Freud in Jones's biography.

When he comes to D. D. Home (1833-1886) he is on to another of those traditional good things. The feats, of levitation both of himself and heavy Victorian furniture, of bell-ringing, red-hot-coal handling, the entire psychic repertoire, attributed to this weird wispy individual (he was an illegitimate cousin of Lord Home) far surpass those attributed to any other medium. Despite Browning's indignation, expressed in the poem about 'Sludge', Home was never caught out. There is a story that he was exposed at a séance at the Tuileries in 1857, tweaking Napoleon III with his prehensile toes, but it was later denied by the Empress Eugénie and is generally dismissed as a malicious rumour. I don't think we can blame Brian Inglis for not mentioning it. I wish, though, he had paid more attention to the literature on conjuring, and especially to the books of the American John Mulholland. Edmund Wilson put me on to those. 'Many conjuring tricks,' wrote Mulholland,

> are perfect psychological experiments . . . A magician may, with mathematical certainty, rely on what any group will do during the process of a trick.

Mulholland also, as Wilson remarks, 'affords a startling revelation of the common human incapacity to observe or report correctly'.

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Paul Johnson

Casualty List

From Apes to Warlords 1904-46 by SOLLY ZUCKERMAN *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

As autobiographies go, this is a very ambitious venture, devoting nearly 450 pages to only the first 42 years of Lord Zuckerman's life, with another hefty volume to come. Is such length justified? On the whole, no – though this is not to belittle Zuckerman's achievements. The difficulty is that he is a pedestrian writer, and his attempt to enliven the dry record of his official career with personal anecdotage and name-dropping simply does not work. He might have been better advised to write a straightforward study of to the ministry of Home Security, he was tional research, in which he was one of the pioneers.

For after all he has an important story to tell. Zuckerman was a South African comparative anatomist and zoologist, who between the wars wrote a famous study, *The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes*. At the outbreak of World War II he was working on the histogenesis of tissues which react by cell division when stimulated by the female oestrogenic sex-hormone. Through his friendship with J. D. Bernal, then attached to the Ministry of Home Security, he was asked to find out whether there was any risk that people in underground shelters might suffer from concussion as a result of shock-waves. He found the state of knowledge in this field to be extremely primitive, based on old wives' tales which had never been subjected to scientific verification. Very little, indeed, was known about the way in which bombs actually killed people, or why they failed to do so; the simplest principle of the bigger – and the more – the better was followed.

From his earliest experiments, Zuckerman conducted an on-the-ground survey of German bombing of Hull and Birmingham, and produced the first operational research report. From this it began to be possible to translate areas of physical destruction (determined by aerial photography) into a functional assessment of what was happening to German war production as a result of British bombing, and then to estimate numerically the size of force necessary to achieve a given distribution of bombs over a target. Almost by accident, therefore, Zuckerman was drawn into operational planning: first in an abortive Combined Operations assault on Alderney, then in the highly successful capture of Pantelleria, which was virtually achieved by 'scientific' bombing according to his formula.

Zuckerman thus became one of the very few wartime scientists who was directly involved in helping the generals and air marshals to determine how they could best defeat the enemy in specific campaigns, especially Operation Overlord, the great Anglo-American invasion of Europe. From his experience in planning the invasion of Sicily, where he had been able to carry out rapid operational research immediately after the campaign, Zuckerman concludes that bombers could best be used against rail

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communications. He applied this to Overlord, advocating a creeping barrage of air attacks which would destroy the railway system (and its capacity to repair itself), beginning in France and Belgium and gradually moving into Germany, until the Nazis' ability to shift troops and weapons, and eventually to operate their entire war economy, was totally destroyed. This involved using all Anglo-American strategic bomber resources, and thus brought Zuckerman, and those (like Air Marshal Tedder) who agreed with him, into violent conflict with the advocates of the 'area bombing' of German cities, or those who wished to concentrate on certain key targets such as fighter and ball-bearing factories, and oil refineries. After much angry debate, Zuckerman's policy was adopted, though rather late in the day and never with enthusiasm. The operational research he and others afterwards carried out decisively vindicated the railway option.

This is a hard-boiled book into which – on the whole – morals simply do not enter. When the battle over the bombing-plans of Overlord was at its height, Churchill and other opponents of the railways scheme objected that it would involve killing too many French civilians. Yet (until Dresden) they grimly supported area bombing which was specifically designed to kill vast numbers of German civilians. Zuckerman's account suggests that, in wartime strategic arguments, concern for life is usually brought in only as a collateral argument. He himself was case-hardened by doing unspeakable things to small animals. One of his earliest wartime experiments was conducted on behalf of the navy, who wanted to find out the level of force at which the human ankle is fractured. So he 'arranged a very neat hangman's drop' and 'official permission having been given to use two human cadavers, we began by dropping one corpse a few inches, and then gradually increasing the drop . . . ' Such gruesome activities were a suitable preparation for the scientific planning of the maximum use of destructive power. Though Zuckerman, unlike most military scientists, spent a lot of time on the battlefield, he does not seem to have allowed the horrors to disturb him: 'By that stage of the war, I had become inured to the idea of casualties, whether our own or the enemy's. That was what war was about.'

Here I think Zuckerman does himself less than justice. War is not about casualties. The proper approach to war of a military scientist is to discover the quickest means to destroy the enemy's capacity to fight, and that was the whole point of Zuckerman's own railways plan. So we come to the real weakness of the book. Zuckerman has obviously reflected a great deal on war, not least during his subsequent career as chief scientist to the Ministry of Defence. Unfortunately, by allowing his autobiography to inflate itself to the point at which he was forced to divide it into two, he has postponed his philosophical conclusions (I presume) to the second half. In this volume he hints darkly at nuclear weapons and, for instance, the strategy of the Vietnam War, but he does not give us enough evidence on which to base a judgment either on the real power of his intellect or his moral quality as a human being.

Jeremy Treglown

Bleak Joy

New Writing and Writers 14 *John Calder* £4.95 and £2.50
The Three Daughters by MANFRED BIELER *Hodder & Stoughton* £5.25
Ladybird in a Loony Bin by IAN COCHRANE *Weidenfeld* £3.95

'In Berlin all people are now wrapped in greaseproof paper.' 'He seemed a civil and well bred man, but who nevertheless had an aura of sadness about him.' John Calder are proud of the internationalism of their list, and the translations in *New Writing and Writers 14* wear their foreigness about as unobtrusively as a tourist in lederhosen, beret and clogs. The collection in fact has – how you say? – an aura of the European wastepaper-basket, but one or two good things have slipped in so I'll come back to it. Meanwhile, how reassuring to go from here to Manfred Bieler's fine, unostentatiously expansive novel, excellently translated by Kathrine Talbot.

The title inevitably recalls *Three Sisters*, and like the play *The Three Daughters* follows its main characters through two periods of time separated by a central passage of events (in this case the second world war) which largely happen off-stage. And Bieler has a Chekhovian ability to make his form seem as leisurely as the time-span itself, so that the 'slow preparation of effects from one life on another' that George Eliot talks about in *Middlemarch* appears – however intricately organised and even symmetrical it actually is in the novel – to occur at random. Unlike the play, though, Bieler's plot is full of incident, luxuriously romantic and exciting (as well as extremely sad), about what happens to an influential German banker and his family living in Prague during the Third Reich. One daughter becomes a collaborator on a grand social scale; another joins the communist resistance; the middle one has an affair with . . . but it would spoil things for you, and be unfair to the novel, to try to summarise its elaborate and detailed action.

Bieler doesn't deal in overt conclusions (though the novel's last sentence is as moving a wrapping-up as I've read) and he is sparing with symbols. But one scene shows particularly well the density of implication he brings to his traditionally realistic, superficially plain narrative method. The middle daughter, Sophie, and her lover are in a bad car crash. A passer-by discovers the accident and unwillingly but conscientiously does what he can to help the victims. They will survive, but his first-aid is amateurish and the ambulance crew, when they finally get there, reproach him. So it is, of course, for the Sellmann family when the Russians reach Prague, though Bieler doesn't point out the connection, any more than he encourages the reader to allegorise the fact that when the girls' brother Heinrich, blind from infancy, regains some of his sight, he prefers to spend his time in the dark.

The novel ends with a beautifully oxymoronic interplay between Sophie's hopefulness and a strong underlying narrative despair:

> Some day everything would stop except one thing, Sophie still believed . . . One day we will turn around and around and spread out our arms. One day everything will become easy . . . Then comes the time that's now passing.

In its context this restrained poetry, so skilfully translated, makes Ian Cochrane sound haphazard and P. J. Kavanagh (one *of the NWW14* contributors) blowzy. But they are both good writers, and Cochrane in particular puts over the deformity and confusion of his world with a kind of placid bleakness. The narrative is as shapeless as its characters' lives, and although it ends in disaster the event is neither climactic nor surprising. The narrator's whole existence, after all, is a disaster-area, as he is sharp enough to see. 'Sue was scratching me with her nails,' he recalls at one point, as dourly as one of the Beckett narrators he owes a lot to. 'She wanted a bit of affection. But she had the wrong man.'

Kavanagh's central character is also a drifter, though one whose passivity keeps him, now he is old, in the same place – the unmodernised country cottage where the writer lives with his wife. Kavanagh is, as usual, good at the details: the couple in bed, his front to her back 'like two stacked chairs'. He knows all about the country – what it's like to drive a tractor; how things look in the dark out of doors – and is

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almost too consistently aware of how rapidly people's thoughts and moods change. But the reflectiveness and close observation of the narrative seem contrived when, as happens very often, they spill over into the dialogue.

The story 'People and Weather' is the first half of a novel. *New Writing and Writers* will in future serialise some works, and Kavanagh's is to be completed in the next volume. It can't be said that people are likely to be queuing down Brewer Street for the second instalment. Well-written as it often is, 'People and Weather' is a resolutely uneventful story about a man who avoids events. Lacking any sort of suspense, it's the last kind of fiction that can benefit from – or, more to the publisher's point, be of any benefit to – a serialised publication. Calder would have done better to have bisected Edward Bond's terse 12 pages about jury service. Apart from being the best thing in the book, with its simple description of the complacent, bewildering, blandly unimaginative response of a law-court to a conscientiously objecting juror, 'Service' builds up real tension about what the outcome will be. In the end, the juror's name simply isn't called. He is deprived of his gesture, left with the judge's cheery, vulgar statement of sympathy with anyone 'disappointed at not being able to have a go'. Bond's narrator wishes he hadn't made it sound like a funfair.

Otherwise, the collection includes an uneven but, at its best, tough and detailed poem about prison-life by a German political prisoner. Peter-Paul Zahl; some poems by a Canadian journalist, Ann Benedek, in the sexual-gourmet vein of Erica Jong; an even filthier but happily more obscure group of 'short texts' by Pierre Bourgeade; and so on, the whole thing agreeably chock-a-block with misprints and other errors.

Roy Fuller

Hogs

'Erratic and eccentric in every way' –
Says Dr Burton in his book* about
The hedgehog. In hibernation its ears,
toes, snout
Are as cold as if the animal were dead.
Its spiny evolution has made it blasé;
But rolling up, though disconcerting dogs,
Cannot protect pedestrian hogs from
road-hogs.

'Dimwitted' – yet a hog called Martha won't
Come if her master calls out 'Martin'. Don't
(Should you have a hog as pet) trouble
to buy
Anything special for tea – though it prefers
Tinned salmon, it will deign to eat an egg
Yolk lightly boiled. Frustrated, its behaviour
Is like an infant in a tantrum. Eye
Feeble but large; a terrier's wet nose
For sniffing. New-born offspring of the hog
Resemble, as once I noticed, speckled baps:
Alas, these had, eccentrically perhaps,
Decided they would hibernate for ever.

**The Hedgehog* by Maurice Burton

MUSIC BOOKS

John Jones

Off With His Head

Haydn: the Years of 'The Creation' and **Haydn: the Late Years** by H. C. ROBBINS LANDON *Thames & Hudson* £25 each

There are happy things to recall even about the end of Haydn's long and almost implausibly creative life. They played Mozart's Requiem at his memorial service. That was a good idea, bringing together the two dead friends who had brought themselves together through music when they were alive, playing quartets and the late Mozart quintets. I also like to remember Andreas Streicher's letter – Streicher the pianomaker, Beethoven's friend; the time was yet to come when Frau Streicher would organise Beethoven's clothes, clean up his table manners, keep him more or less afloat domestically – the letter describing the whirlwind visit of a French cavalry officer three days before Haydn's death. The Frenchman sang an aria from *The Creation* in Italian, embraced the old composer while they both shed hot tears of joy, then jumped on his horse again – 'and rode off to fight the enemy'.

Haydn's painstaking last will and testament itself breathes peace, on and on to

> 41st: I bequeath 600 gulden to my faithful and honest cook, Anna Kremnitzer, and also the bed to be found in her room and on which she lies, then two sheets, 4 chairs, a hard-wood table, then a bureau drawers of hard wood, a repeating clock, the mirror, the picture of the Holy Virgin, the relic of the True Cross, the iron, the earthenware kitchen crockery . . .

But there is somebody we would much rather forget, one Joseph Carl Rosenbaum. Hearing of Haydn's very recent death, Rosenbaum wrote in his diary: 'I pondered Haydn's destiny and wished to read his biography.' What Rosenbaum really wished to do was cut off – repeat cut off – Haydn's head.

Rosenbaum was a student of the then fashionable pseudo-science of phrenology, otherwise 'bumps'. One hoped to get at the mind by digging inside the cranium and by the skull's external conformation. A gravedigger accomplice did the actual severing, and Rosenbaum took delivery of the green and stinking head. (At least he had enough sensibility to vomit.) The head was then dissected, and all Rosenbaum discovered was what anybody could have told him – 'a brain of large proportions'.

What did he expect to find? Haydn is the least interesting, psychologically, of the gods of music, though old Sebastian Bach runs him close. We have only to glimpse Mozart dancing, flaunting his fair hair, playing billiards, folding and refolding his napkin at dinner with a faint, scarcely absent smile on his lips, to experience a *frisson* such as Haydn never evokes. We are moved, of course, by his bony face and old-fashioned clothes and calm brown eyes – but that is because we are moved by his music.

That outsize brain had nothing to hide, delivering the goods for all to inspect and approve during 60 years of primary creation. It seems no more nor less than right that the man who made the string quartet, the father of the form, should simply stop like a willing but exhausted cabhorse in the middle of Opus 103. Decorous as always, Haydn had a visiting card printed with the *incipit* of a part song and the words 'Gone is all my strength, old and weak am I', to explain the facts to disappointed customers.

These last years are Dr Robbins Landon's concern in the present volumes. Chronologically, therefore, they complete his study of the life and works. But Dr Landon is not proceeding chronologically. Volume Three (*Haydn in England*) appeared more than a year ago, and the early life and the time – 30-odd years – in full-time service as Vice-Kapellmeister and Kapellmeister in the Esterhazy household, are expected later this year.

It is an imposing achievement, three up and two to go; but even so it tells far less than the whole story of Dr Landon and Dr Haydn. It reveals that he is an indefatigable researcher and chronicler, an adequate narrator, and an uneven musical critic. What it fails to show is Dr Landon's matchless record as an establisher of texts, as the leading spirit in the Haydn Society which he founded in 1949 as a very young man, and as a force behind the issue of dozens and dozens of recordings in recent years. The Haydn scene was an international scandal at the end of World War II, the neglect of the first 80 symphonies being only the most lurid aspect, and because of Dr Landon everything is now changed. It is almost as simple as that.

So the long years of ignorance and grotesque underrating of Haydn are now over. The London symphonies formed the biographical and musical heart of Volume Three. That was inevitable. There they are, nobly flanked by the Salomon quartets. Dr Landon builds Volume Four round *The Creation*, and presents that oratorio as a decisive feat of the 18th-century mind. And so of course it is. Nevertheless, music and biography threaten to come apart here. *The Creation* is of crucial importance for Haydn's career and his establishment of ascendancy in Vienna. But the six last Masses, though they spill over into the next century and the final volume, are a natural centre of gravity corresponding to the 12 London symphonies. Furthermore, matching single work against single work, I am not alone in reckoning the Nelson Mass even finer than the oratorio.

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'My dear child, you've got a voice like a house!' That was to the 14-year old girl who long afterwards sang the first Leonore. It has often been quoted but it remains quite simply typical of the wheelwright's son in his forthright dealing with musicians of all ages and at every level. As I said, Rosenbaum had no need to peer inside Haydn's head to find his man. The inside is the outside. 'I said my prayers in the open today,' he told some friends in the last year of his life. 'I can't do otherwise' – and we remember the Virgin and the True Cross jumbled up with the pots and pans in the bequest to the faithful cook.

And the outside – the music on the page and on the ear – is the inside. It is 'just' music (to adopt Swann's device of defensively ironic inverted commas). It has nothing corresponding to the human vapour trails left by Mozart's and Beethoven's music. That is why it will never be as popular as theirs. That is why, for all Dr Landon's labours, Haydn will remain *au fond* a musician's musician. And who would wish it otherwise?

His are the journeyman virtues of stamina, application, and probity – whether composing for five hours at a stretch at the very top of his gift, or bustling about his business as a senior servant at Esterhazy, or directing Salomon's grand orchestra from the keyboard, or displaying virtuoso prowess on the violin, or teaching an English tympanist a German trick or two. Even the well-established story about his perfunctory correcting of Beethoven's youthful exercises is now seriously questioned. He had a do-it-himself way at important moments in performance, ousting the organist in the 'Et incarnatus' of the Creation Mass and the tympanist in the Agnus Dei of the *Paukenmesse* – for 'the organist and the drummer could never play these passages to Haydn's satisfaction, and when they occurred he ran with the agility of a weasel to the organ and to the drums', as a fellow professional, a member of the Esterhazy orchestra, relates. Then think of Mozart having fun – having fun? – with the glockenspiel in that chaotic production of the *Flute*. No weasel he.

Peter Porter

Furioso

1975 by HANS KELLER *Dobson* £5.50

Four pages from the start, we are offered a remarkable notion which is symptomatic of the strange thinking throughout Hans Keller's otherwise brilliantly conjectured book. The symphony orchestra, especially the strings, writes Keller, is a frightening example of the modern tendency towards the reduction of personal intellectual initiative. 'Full', 'beautiful' string tone makes individual phrasing impossible (or 'individual solutions of phrasing problems impossible', as Keller puts it, ever willing to guarantee full employment to the stock of abstracts in English). Also, there are no happy orchestral players. If they were in string quartets, they would be happy. This is only the first argument of several throughout the book against collectivism in many of its guises – in psychoanalysis, football and society, as well as in music. Thus Keller's sub-title, '1984 minus 9'. This review is being written at the countdown of 1984 minus 6, and I still think Keller's diagnosis exaggerated and his subtitle sensational.

To argue as Keller does against the symphony orchestra is to forget Auden's distinction between the states of organisation necessary to art and those desirable for life. The degree of order imposed by artistic form would be tyranny if applied to human society. But, of course, it cannot be so applied, and analogies in either direction are dangerously misleading. The most complete artist, with total command of form, may well be a dedicated liberal, or

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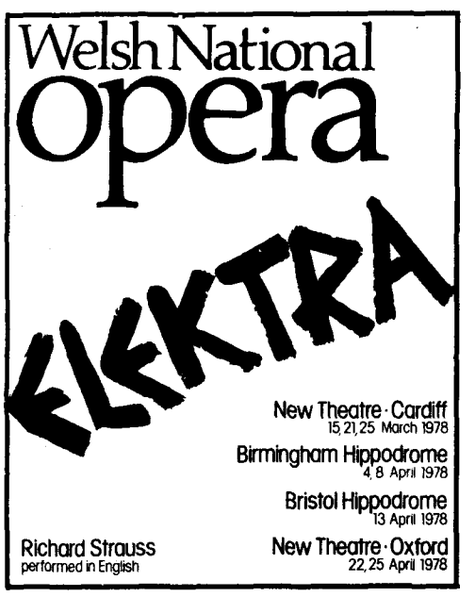
even an anarchist, in life. If Keller wishes to join those who hate the symphony orchestra (and he is well aware of how fashionable it is to deride it), he should attack the modern concert-giving world, with its star conductors, narrow repertory and blindness to three-quarters of the finest music in existence (all of Bach, for instance). Comparing the symphony orchestra unfavourably with the string quartet makes no sense: great composers wrote for both, and knew very well their different needs and effects. The symphony orchestra, and all post-Mozartian opera, which means the big box-office hits, are products of the Industrial Revolution – or so runs a popular argument. Today small is beautiful and so composers have turned all collectivist music into chamber music – i.e. they have given massed players individual parts like Ligeti, or they have allowed almost continuous improvisation. Many would join Boulez in advocating the burning down of the opera houses, those symbols of 19th-century European hubris. (Emergent countries like to build them, of course: Sydney getting the biggest new one since Manaos in the rubber boom.)

All this demonstrates the aesthetic confusion which reigns in music; it does nothing to invalidate the many orchestral scores, from Haydn to Schoenberg, which require, say, 12 to 16 first violins playing the same music, phrased the same way. It may be tyranny for the players, but it can be bliss for the listener – and that is how the composer imagined it. When he wanted individual lines, with one instrument to a part, he wrote chamber music. That his string quartets are now played in concert halls is not his fault, but his orchestral music was meant to be heard in large public rooms, right from the start. When Keller complains that orchestral musicians are made to phrase one way by one conductor and then a quite different way by another, he is mounting an argument against conductors, not against orchestras.

It's worth devoting so large a part of this review to just one of Keller's obiter dicta, because the exaggeration and shock tactics it reveals are characteristic of him as a polemicist. But if you can stay on the track of his argument and not be diverted and antagonised by his aggression and his knowingness, the rewards are great. *1975* is one of the most continuously interesting mixtures of aesthetic and social analysis I have read. The title is just a stocktaking reminder that we had already got so far out of our depth by the end of 1975, that clarification had become imperative and yet almost impossible. After an introduction which shows Keller's style at its worst (it is a style which combines alarmingly the brusqueness of pub argument with the most serpentine of academic prose), the book reviews his escape from Vienna as an adolescent after the Anschluss, a visit to Prague as a musical emissary from England, a recent psychoanalytical conference in London, the state of modern music in the mid Seventies and finally English football considered after a visit to Vienna. Enough to keep Keller in *Private Eye* for six months, you'd think, but the originality and good sense far outweigh the heavyweight paradoxes which accompany them. The chapters on psychoanalysis and music are the longest and most significant. Keller followed the example of a chemist friend of Freud's in performing analysis upon himself, so he was well prepared to be sceptical of the richly successful closed shop which modern Freudian analysts present to the world. His comments on the professionals' deployment of a specialist vocabulary to place patients in subservient positions, especially their use of the adjective 'psychotic', nicely reinforces Thomas Szasz's forays into the psychoanalysis of psychoanalysis.

The big central chapter on music is the heart of the book. It is partly an expansion of Keller's brilliant radio talk on 'Moon Music', modern compositions which cannot be understood here on earth but might make sense on the moon – like Ariosto's good deeds. He sees composers hung between two extremes: extramusical commitment and unmusical music. Anybody who follows the course of modern composition should benefit from absorbing Keller's elucidation of Cage, Boulez, Stockhausen, Henze, Ligeti (rightly praised for his faultless 'ear') and also of Britten and Shostakovich. The first part of the chapter describes Schoenberg's 'plunge into boiling water' at the time of the F Sharp Quartet, and sets out to establish that most people have still not understood Schoenberg, although composers and theorists have felt able to go beyond him readily enough. Keller sees most post-Schoenbergian methods as musical crutches (total serialism, quotations, political commitment, Dada) and he ends up asking what has happened to musicality among so much officially-supported 'unmusic'. Except for Britten and Shostakovich, who are dead, he offers no hopeful examples.

While being interrogated and beaten up in Vienna in 1938, Keller swore that if he ever got away safely, he would never again be in a bad mood. In dozens of articles and talks he has broken that oath – so completely indeed that his style has become a by-word for hectoring didacticism. But he serves an art (two if you count psychoanalysis) whose commentators notoriously have nothing to say, or make their pronouncements equivocally, and a book like this one justifies its bad temper by the force of its arguments. Keller *furioso* is better than no Keller at all.



Eric Sams

Omnia Opera

Human veins notoriously bulge with violence and evil, fury and mire; banality and bathos may be in even more constant circulation. Enthusiasts feel that opera deals with such base currency by converting it all into gold; thus Wagner's *Ring* has been claimed as a shining example, even by those who find the man himself odiously tarnished. According to Charles Osborne in *Wagner and his World* (Thames and Hudson £3.95) he was not merely amoral but plain wicked. A heavily-stressed keynote is Wagner's inveterate anti-Semitism, with its monstrously Hitlerite overtones. But this presents no aesthetic problem, because 'art and morality are really not on speaking terms'. Anyone who finds that dictum both inartistic and immoral should steer well clear of this book. For others, here is an inexpensive and well-written pictorial introduction, even though the main portrait looks so unflattering. *Parsifal* for example is represented as 'atrocious dramatic verse'. This would have upset such native German speakers as Thomas Mann, and such noted Germanists as the late Dr H. F. Garten, whose *Wagner the Dramatist* (John Calder £5.95) provides a timely antidote.

John Deathridge's *Rienzi* monograph (Oxford £12) is for those devotees who venerate every scrap (literally, including sketches) of the master's music or text. This early opera has long been excluded from the main Wagner canon, on the ground that it lacks comparable power and range; its full restoration seems an over-ambitious aim. But this handsomely produced book at least demonstrates that *Rienzi* had a premonitory spark of future genius, and is hence well worth the attention of scholars. They can probably get along well enough without *The Wagner Companion* (W. H. Allen £7.50) compiled by Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson, although some specialists may welcome the original cast-lists of the operas, and all Shavians will surely relish the possibly unfamiliar 'Wagner in Bayreuth' essay of 1889. But that still accounts for only 60 pages out of 245. The rest is padded out with fustian reprints, mainly from *The Era*, of what is rightly called 'contemporary

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reaction'. These homely old pieces have now lost their one modest virtue, namely being generally unavailable. Apart from some nugatory notes and pedestrian plot-synopses, that leaves two essays by Barry Millington: an appraisal of Wagner, and an account of Bayreuth 1976. These would have served their purpose even more fitly if trimmed of some flabby phrases and lax assertions. On what evidence, for example, is Wagner's putative father, Ludwig Geyer, said to be Jewish?

On abundant evidence, Wagner studies have long been a branch of theology. No wonder that mystics have compared Eternity to an endless Ring. Such a vision might have inspired Hamish Swanston, who has a chair of theology as well as a seat at the opera. Miraculously, he has conjured 300 pages of sermonising, *In Defence of Opera* (Penguin £1.25), from almost no text at all. There is hardly even a footnote of actual music, scarcely even a syllable of actual libretto. Instead, we are offered generalised reflections on significance, reality, historical exegesis, and so on, under such simplified chapter headings (presumably designed to encourage the lay reader) as What does it mean? and Is it for real? These varying viewpoints describe a great circle round a central assumption which itself remains largely indescribable. But we are permitted the occasional glimpse: *Ariadne auf Naxos* for example 'persuades us that love may be stronger than death and may reveal the eternally divine within us'. Predictably, the tone modulates rather readily from preachment to pontification; thus poor Hugo Wolf has his *Corregidor* denounced as hopelessly undramatic on p.18, and again on p.58, and yet again on p.105. Peter Cook's privately-printed monograph on that topic (£3.90 from 8 Upper Wimpole Street, W1) is prescribed as an appropriate penance. Further, the Swanston *hwyl* has its own howlers; thus Gilda is not dying in the famous *Rigoletto* quartet; nor is *Genoveva* by Schubert. Yet this book is surely well worth its modest price. It deploys an impressive range of human and operatic awareness, from conception in Florence to *Death in Venice* and even beyond. Its approach is intelligent, cogent, stimulating; its oratory and advocacy are alike powerful, and finally not unpersuasive.

Such a defence of opera carries conviction, whereas Gary Schmidgall's *Literature as Opera* (Oxford £6.95) is all evidence and no verdict. Its nine essays on opera-composers from Handel to Britten, mostly represented by one work each, are a Niagara of name-dropping which book-lovers will find wearily familiar and opera-lovers dubiously relevant. A's literary ancestor, B, was translated by C, whom D compared to E, who was strongly influenced by F; and so forth, for innumerable citings. Thus the 40 pages ostensibly devoted to the opera *Salome* are in fact mainly about Oscar Wilde and decadence. The truncated and translated text that Strauss actually composed is hardly mentioned at all. Wilde and his work are condemned in unctuous tones of moral disapprobation, while other more restrained commentators are chided for their 'silly moralising'. Any readers who persevere will eventually be rewarded by a few well-exemplified and perceptive pages about Strauss's music and its relation to verbal ideas; but such telling details are lost in the welter of self-conscious literary allusion and cross-reference.

For a clear picture, the flat wash and the broad brush are less effective than the sharp point; and the mind at work in Jane Glover's 200-page *Cavalli* (Batsford £8.50) is engagingly nimble and incisive. This is the first book in English on a composer of opera and church music whose revival here in recent years has owed much to Raymond Leppard's editions and realisations, as well as his performing musicianship. This work is not evaluated or even mentioned, except perhaps by implication. The blurb seems to throw down the gauntlet on behalf of Dr Glover, who 'has a more profound familiarity with Cavalli's work than any other scholar'. So there. The criteria of textual emendation in her own performing editions also remain unmentioned. But no doubt such matters are rightly rated too technical; it would take a Leppard to spot the changes. As it is, this book is accessible to any general musician with some knowledge of Italian. The abundant examples notably assist the task of relating music to words, which is often illuminatingly discharged.

So it is in Vincent Godefroy's 350-page *The Dramatic Genius of Verdi, Vol. II* (Gollancz £7.50) which resumes its studies of selected operas at *I vespri siciliani*, and includes essays on *Aida*, *Otello*, *Falstaff*, and the projected *King Lear*. As before, the music is described rather than analysed, with a modicum of examples. The writing is admirably elegant; but Vincent Godefroy's strengths as a commentator lie in his stance, not his style. His long and loving devotion to these operas, their music, libretti, sources and background, have earned him incontestable rights of stewardship in the Verdian property and estates. With urbane and uncondescending hospitality, we are invited in, shown round, and urged to stay. A similar essential service is offered by Michael Ewans in the 300 pages of his *Janacek's Tragic Operas* (Faber and Faber £7.95) complete with music examples and plot synopses. Some readers might guess unprompted that he 'studied tragic drama with George Steiner'; they both seem oddly susceptible to sudden attacks from fierce ironies and cruel paradoxes. But such vulnerability gives Dr Ewans an

Christopher Reid

Ivesian Fugue

The string quartet
at our fête champêtre
revealed such fierce sonorities –
Bonk, bonk, bonk! –
that I stopped to consider
how music springs from catgut,
and four men bobbing
and scuttling on a lawn.

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especially sensitive feeling for Janacek's thin-skinned opera music, in which the topic of wounds and healing is often touched upon. This book's skilful treatment goes far to justify its largish claim that these six operas 'make sense of our existence'.

Russell Davies

Oom

The Tuba Family by CLIFFORD BEVAN *Faber* £12.50

I have been playing the tuba for about 14 years, on and off, and enjoying it enormously. There is really no other way of enjoying the tuba. Everything about the instrument is enormous, except, oddly, the effort required to get a pleasant note out of it; this is much exaggerated by the inexpert, with their ballooned cheeks and popping eyes. Mind you, it is as well to pace yourself through an extended performance, especially in the jazz sphere. An evening spent sustaining jazz bass-lines – and any self-respecting band is going to want you to play four beats to the bar much of the time – is very taxing on the lungs. One is virtually panting for minutes on end, and the available breathing medium is often no more than a compound of fag-smoke, perspiration and vapourised beer. However, orchestral tubism seems very much less arduous. Professional concert players, when they are needed at all, must spend most of their time waiting for the half-dozen bars of *basso ostinato* on page 33 of the score. I sometimes wonder where prodigious soloists like John Fletcher of the LSO get the practice to cope with the lyrical intricacies of a rare 'feature' number like Vaughan Williams's Tuba Concerto.

The really luckless tuba-player is the brass-band or military marcher, who is condemned not only to oom *ad infinitum* (it's the others who generally provide the answering pah) but also to carry his instrument around with him. Apart from the weight, and the way the strap cuts into your shoulder, there is the problem of the large mouthpiece hovering in front of your face, waiting to be blown. Should you make to oom and step on a bump in the road at the same time, the wicked rim of this galvanised orifice will whip up and smack you painfully in the moustache. The Americans have failed to solve this problem by the invention of the sousaphone, which is picturesque but has the additional disadvantage, in gusty weather, of acting as a sail, and blowing its owner/occupier dangerously off course.

Such are the trials of the tubist – the use of which term is authorised in this excellent new volume by Clifford Bevan. This writer, in his days with the Temperance Seven, went by the name of Count Clifford de Bevan, so perhaps not everything he says should be taken without its saline additive. He is, in fact, a skilled exponent of the lugubrious humour to which tubists are prone (thanks, I think, to their excessively large intake of oxygen, potentiated by strong ale). Hence Bevan's instructive anecdotes, like the one about the friend of his who fell downstairs with his tuba, putting many severe dents in it and thereby curing its hitherto insoluble pitch problems.

The development of the modern tuba has been achieved by rather more subtle engineering advances than this, yet there is always an element of crudeness in the technology of bass instruments, simply because they are so big. The present-day BB-flat bass has almost five-and-a-half metres of tubing in it, and there's many a slip twixt the lip and the public. (One problem tubists face in highly rhythmical music is the necessity of 'starting' a note early, so that it will issue from the distant bell of the instrument exactly on the beat.) Improvements in design are still required, for the tuba has not been in existence all that long. Prussian Patent No 19, which announced its birth, was granted only in 1835, and thereafter it took the tuba a good 70 years to fight free of its entangled predecessors: the serpent, the ophicleide, the herculesophone, the helicon, the various Saxhorns and the cimbasso (though nobody now seems to know what Verdi meant by a cimbasso).

The trouble with these early monsters was that they weren't very nimble in the bottom register. Fritz Spiegl, the very useful orchestral whimsicologist, recently played a recording of an ophicleide on one of his BBC radio programmes; and the sound that was revealed resembled that of a rather furry and tentative euphonium, surprisingly tenor in range. It was only with the last note of the piece that the player descended to what everyone would recognise as the tuba register, and the resulting note was distressingly liable to reinforce the popular superstition connecting tubism with flatulence. As for the serpent, Handel put it well. 'Aye,' he said when introduced to one, 'but not the serpent that seduced Eve.'

It seems to have been Adolphe Sax who contributed as much as anyone to the refinement of the proto-tuba, encouraged as he was by that excellent ripe orchestrator Berlioz; but I must confess to having lost my way a little at this point, among the many forms of 'valved bugle-horn' vying in various countries at that time for a permanent place at the bottom of the brass. But my spirits revived when Mr Bevan embarked on the sundry possibilities of the tuba as constituted in the 20th century: a masterly treatise, embellished with many musical examples and a continued supply of eccentricities, notably from America. A 'Musicians Wanted' column advertising for tubists in an American trade magazine of 1911 warns: 'Boozers save your stamps'; and more recent years have apparently seen the invention of the Caravelle Commuter Tuba, which has a fibre-glass bell to be kept at home and a proper brass one for school or office use.

All that is missing, really, is my favourite tuba story: that of the American violinist Joe Venuti, who booked every tuba and sousaphone player in the local Musicians' Union list for a single, fictitious job, asking each one to show up on time at a specified street corner. He then hired a hotel room overlooking the spot, so that he could watch all the musical dinosaurs bumping into one another. Apart from the visual aspect of the ruse, you will note that Venuti picked the one instrument whose exponents would be likely to see the joke; it wouldn't have worked with trumpeters, and a convocation of hoodwinked drummers doesn't bear thinking about. The tubists themselves are well-tempered, even if their instruments are sometimes not.

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Andrew Clements

The Last Detail

Arnold Schoenberg: His Life, World and Work by H. H. STUCKENSCHMIDT *John Calder* £12.50

The Second Vienna School by LUIGI ROGNONI *John Calder* £12.50

Music Since the First World War by ARNOLD WHITTALL *Dent* £7.95

Despite its hallowed place in the history of 20th-century music the Second Viennese School has been badly served by its English commentaries. At times the flow of books has threatened to turn Schoenberg, Berg and Webern into music publishing's own Bloomsbury group, complete with its own intrigues – did Schoenberg refuse to complete Berg's *Lulu* because he disapproved of its moral tone? was Webern cryptically anti-semitic? – but there remains no entirely satisfactory biography of any of them. H. H. Stuckenschmidt wrote a short life of Schoenberg 20 years ago, but his newly translated biography, all 581 pages of it, has all the trappings of a *magnum opus*, the crowning glory of an academic career devoted to the crusade for new music. Stuckenschmidt, the jacket claims rather dubiously, 'is Schoenberg's last surviving pupil' and so has some right to the final say from the first generation of Schoenberg scholars. It's to his credit that the book emerges as objective as it does – the tone is never unduly reverential and there are few

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intrusive personal anecdotes. The opening chapter of acknowledgments testifies to the thoroughness of his research, as it's surely meant to: there's little doubt that here are more accumulated facts about the composer's life than have ever before been stuffed between a pair of covers. For that we should be grateful; Stuckenschmidt has compiled a source book that will be increasingly valuable as our direct links with Schoenberg's circle gradually wither. But as a 'life', as a portrait of one of the two greatest composers of the century, it's a non-starter.

As the pile of facts grew higher, so it seems Stuckenschmidt increasingly felt his task to be complete; there's been no attempt that I could detect to order the information into more digestible chunks. Detail is crammed on top of detail with only the chronology providing any sense of articulation. If there is a sustaining thread for the reader, it's in the unbelievably ironic quality of the life itself: uphill all the way (Schoenberg, with his sense of a God-given mission, must have found that utterly appropriate), with the only glimmer of financial security extinguished by the rise of Hitler, flight into penurious exile in the United States in 1933, and the ultimate knowledge that the two artistic projects closest to his personal beliefs, *Jacob's Ladder* and *Moses and Aaron*, would remain unfinished. Stuckenschmidt could hardly fail to engage the attention for much of his narration. En route he also provides some fascinating vignettes of the singers and instrumentalists who remained faithful to the composer: Albertine Zehme, the first reciter of *Pierrot Lunaire*, Marie Gutheil-Schoder, the first protagonist of *Erwartung*, Eduard Steuermann, who introduced many of the works for piano. Strangely, Alexander von Zemlinsky, conductor of many first performances, Schoenberg's first father-in-law and sometime mentor, gets less space than he deserves. Maybe Stuckenschmidt felt his reputation as a composer in his own right made him familiar enough to Continental readers.

Elsewhere, Stuckenschmidt is sound on Schoenberg's dealings with other great contemporary composers – with Busoni, Mahler and Richard Strauss – and on his prolonged dispute with Thomas Mann over the portrayal of Adrian Leverkühn in *Doctor Faustus*, a quarrel prompted, it seems, by Mahler's widow Alma. But still the true character of the man escapes; what we know of him from other sources (particularly the *Letters*) must here be read between the lines. Stuckenschmidt has an apparent horror of supposition; what cannot be substantiated in documents cannot have any relevance. The end-product is curiously hollow.

Schoenberg's music also apparently falls outside the book's compass. Description of it is reduced to notes that rarely do more than list the instrumentation, the number of movements and the note-row in the serial works. A brief excursus at the end deals with the author's theory of the use of a 'primal cell' of notes throughout his *oeuvre*. It perhaps illuminates the composer's mind more surely than anything else in the book and certainly more than any piece of analysis in Luigi Rognoni's tendentious study. *The Second Vienna School* works its way laboriously through the entire works of Schoenberg, Berg and Webern (though it baulks at Berg's Chamber Concerto, supposedly because of the existence of the composer's own analysis; yet the third movement is arguably the most refractory piece any of the three produced). A handsome frontispiece of the cover of the *Blaue Reiter* almanac suggests that the book might deal with the relationship between the School and Expressionism in the other arts, a subject skated over by Stuckenschmidt; but it's not to be. Its relevance, or indeed the point of listing all the *Bauhausbücher* in the bibliography, escapes me. The polemical tone is more suited to discussion of the dramatic works than the purely musical ones (where it's clear Rognoni has nothing original to offer), but the politico-sociological viewpoint now seems so dated (the shade of T. W. Adorno hangs heavily over it) that one wonders why it was thought a worthwhile publishing venture.

Both books, it must be said, are a disgrace to their translators and publisher. The authors' originals may have left something to be desired (I can't believe Rognoni's prose is any less turgid than his analysis) but translation should be something more than substituting words of one language for those of another. As it is, Stuckenschmidt reads like a cross between Gertrude Stein and an Icelandic saga; Rognoni strings together consecutive clauses until the sentences topple into nonsense. Neither is helped by a higher percentage of misprints, jumbled and omitted sentences than I've experienced for a long time. But describing the third movement of Berg's *Lyric Suite* as *Allegro histerioso* (instead of *misterioso*) is the nearest thing to a laugh Rognoni will give you.

Reading Arnold Whittall's *Music since the First World War* brings a new pride in British musicology and publishing. Any book that tries to encapsulate 60 years of musical history is at first sight a suspicious undertaking; Whittall is conspiciously successful with a few of the omissions inevitable in such a space. The book begins with Nielsen and ends with seven contemporary Europeans (Luigi Nono is the only notable absentee). In between, there's perceptive analysis of representative works (particularly good on Sibelius and Webern, not recommended for those without a good grounding in harmony and counterpoint). As a whole it's as good an introduction to 20th-century music as anything currently available. But then, I must admit, anyone who can discuss Vaughan Williams with as much sympathy as Whittall has my unstinted admiration.

Among this week's contributors:

JOHN JONES is the author of *On Aristotle and Greek Tragedy* and *The Egotistical Sublime*.

Among ERIC SAM's publications are *The Songs of Hugo Wolf* and *The Songs of Robert Schumann*.

JEREMY TREGLOWN's play *Getting Through* will be published in this month's *New Review*.

NEW FROM CALIFORNIA

ROMANTIC OPERA AND LITERARY FORM

Peter Conrad

Peter Conrad takes issue with Wagner's well-known rule that opera ought to become music-drama. He argues that other literary forms – epic, romance, allegory, the novel – and art forms which have passed beyond words, like painting and the dance, are equally crucial to the development of opera. Romantic opera in particular shifts from the activism of drama towards the introversion of the novel, until eventually opera finds its formal culmination in renouncing all dramatic externality and turning into its apparent opposite, the symphonic poem. *February, 185 pages, illus., £5.50*

A CONFIDENTIAL MATTER

The Letters of Richard Strauss and Stefan Zweig, 1931–1935

Translated by Max Knight

In 1929 Richard Strauss, future President of Hitler's State Music Council, admitted "my period of creating operas has come to a close". That was before he met Stefan Zweig, a Jew. This book records their relationship from Zweig's first polite and deferential letter offering to present a musical project to the famous composer to Strauss's last letter, intercepted by the Gestapo, in which he boldly writes that he will "never ever" forgo working with his Jewish librettist. *Published, 122 pages, £6.75*

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

Scoundrel Time

Julia (A) *Odeon, Haymarket*
The Choirboys (X) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue*
First Love (X) *Ritz; ABCs Fulham Road and Bayswater*

Lillian Hellman, an American writer of talent, has had a full and anecdotable life, some of which she has rather mistily memorialised in three volumes of autobiography. Best known as a playwright (*The Children's Hour, The Little Foxes, Watch on the Rhine, Toys in the Attic,* to quote merely those that have been translated to the screen), she was born – according to the books – in 1905 and had a protracted, nearly 30-year-old affair with another author likely to go down into history for what the movies did to him, Dashiell Hammett. Some of us romantic Britishers grew up on a belated high linked to transatlantic words, people, places: like prohibition, Scott, Dorothy Parker, the Algonquin: there was – or had been – a wisecracking, close-knit world of New Yorkers who lived and drank somewhere between cynicism and roses. If it seems less attractive or glamorous in retrospect, that may be a penalty age exacts. The second of Miss Hellman's memoirs, as I recall, was *Pentimento*: one dictionary defines this as 'the presence or emergence of earlier images, forms or strokes that have been changed or painted over'. In other words, do not trust the tale: trust the teller. Of the seven portraits in that fascinating work, probably 'Julia' was the most elusive and compelling. Fred Zinnemann, a director for whom it is impossible not to feel large flickers of respect, has chosen to stretch it into around two hours of celluloid. I wonder why. It is not that the Nazi-rotten Thirties are dead as material, though a moratorium might be as good as a rest. It is that Mr Zinnemann has made a dead film.

This disconnected tale concerns a relationship between two women, Lillian (Jane Fonda) and Julia (Vanessa Redgrave), tremendous friends as kids, subsequently gone their separate ways, one into tangling with words, the other into heavy political action. Everyone passes by – Miss Parker and Alan Campbell, Dash (Jason Robards doing a swift, plausible impersonation) – and the decors are terrific; Douglas Slocombe's photography, of stations, trains, a Berlin café, even the doubtful hazy flashbacks, deserves an award: there is a metallic edge to the travelling stuff that etches into the eye, painfully. But the elasticised plot is tugged to the point of boredom, basically about Lillian sweatily smuggling $50,000 to Julia to help victims of the Nazi pigs. It all looks so well, *means* so well, that not to respond feels crude. It is, however, a Hellman of a muddle (Alvin Sargent is credited with the script). Where it springs to a little momentary life is in the odd passage between two very good actresses. Jane Fonda, with a clever, horrid rolled-up hair-style, runs a gamut of age and angst that is worthy of higher occasions: Miss Redgrave is marvellously bruised, frizzy, intense in the sweetest heroic way. Their casting is central and watchable. It left me cold, though, because I was simply admiring performances, a bit like (in an ill-advised gag) Lillian/Fonda watching a Russian actor juggling that Yorick skull. To belabour the issue, it doesn't add up.

Robert Aldrich would appear by now to be going all out for the Worst Taste prize of the year. *The Choirboys* has more to do with psychopathology than the cinema, though the two are – of course – becoming increasingly inseparable. I am stung to such invective, in all probability, by the circumstances in which I saw his latest thing. The crowded cinema where I sat feeling ill positively rocked with the mirth of our domestic constabulary, quantities of whom – they tell me – were invited. A very far cry from *The Blue Lamp,* Mr Aldrich's event features 'a busy American precinct' and cops and their all-night drunken orgies known as 'choir-practice'. Maybe a sociological approach would be the keenest way in to describing the ensuing rumpus. The laughter that greeted such lines as 'I know shit rolls downhill' and its concomitant response, 'Why are we always living in a valley?', was obviously relieving to many in the audience. The suspicion grew that someone not a million miles from me was both recognising a professional toughness and deeply indulging a fantasy. Because these Yankee cops had to be seen and heard to be disbelieved. If these were our protectors, who could care about the Mafia? Never had the old mind so boggled.

But, softly. This criminal construct, the verbal achievement of one Christopher Knopf, could arguably be open to another interpretation. It is the late Seventies M*A*S*H-ed version of the private lives of law-enforcers. If surgeons on a battlefield can drink themselves silly and merrily fornicate out of hours, why not allow the same privileges to other professionals under stress? The why-not is that Mr Aldrich lacks one essential ingredient as an entertainer: a sense of humour. I trust to be forgiven for not retailing the burden of *The Choirboys.* Most of the policemen in it, anyway, looked much the same, so that to single out one might be a disservice. A male cop is amusingly called 'Spermwhale' by his friends and a female one 'No Balls Hadley', to distinguish her from a colleague with the same surname. Items on the agenda include an unpopular officer being handcuffed to a park tree, having had his trousers removed, upon which a gay walking a pink-dyed poodle can't believe his luck; two of the fuzz eavesdropping a urinal; a black tart setting up another brother out of favour. After all this fun, things unfortunately take a turn for worse. A gently-treated queer is killed in error and forms of blackmail too subtle to go into here find the keyhole kops screaming their heads off as they get their boss over a barrel. *Their* barrel of laughs: by then, I was too far gone, albeit – unhappily – not from the cinema.

First Love is the first time this reviewer has fully registered 'cunt' being uttered in a movie. Don't write in. The remarkable thing is that it is used to genuine effect, in a campus story that lends that proverbial curate's egg a new, scrambled interest. At one level, this is *Love Story* with dirtier words: even if the only death is that of the heart. Harpo-haired Elgin (William Katt) falls thunderously for a real stunner, Caroline (Susan Dey). She has an older, married man in the background and the foreground is full of that egg I mentioned. There is one of the best first-beddings I have seen (in a public place, that is); there is quite a lot of sparky, even witty dialogue, notably allotted to a chubby lecturer (of an essay, 'Don't make it too brilliant. I'm not up to it this week'); there is a load of appalling symbolism. I suppose it is a pleasant criticism to aim at a film these days, but the piece is – if anything, and it is something – too written, too articulate. Jane Stanton Hitchcock and David Freeman wrote the screenplay from a story by Harold Brodkey. The director is Joan Darling, which may account for the women being more like women than the men are like men. Or is that just true generally?

Magazines

Stephen Spender

Is It Serious?

Horizon's origins, like everything else about it, seem a bit ambiguous. It appeared to be a defiant gesture on behalf of culture and the survival of the arts, following rapidly on the outbreak of war (the first number appeared in January 1940). In a sense it was just that. It was courageous of Peter Watson, the rich, passionately artistic but uncreative (and therefore unhappy) patron of the magazine and of Cyril Connolly to have produced money for such an enterprise at such a time. But Peter also had another reason, which he explained to me when asking me to co-edit with Cyril in October 1939. He and Cyril had long discussed the idea of sponsoring a literature-and-arts magazine but had hesitated to do so, fearing that Cyril might tire of London and quickly forsake editing for wines and rock-pools in the South of France. The advan-

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tage of the war, from Peter's point of view, was that it would make Connolly stay put for the duration. Even so, he would like me to be a possible stand-in in case Cyril got bored.

My own recollection of the choice of name for the magazine is that Cyril wished it to be called *Equinox* (with the epigraph from Marlowe's *Faustus* on the cover: *O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!*). For some reason – I rather think there had been another magazine with that title – this was rejected. I happened to be reading Gide's journal and kept coming across the word 'horizon'. That's how I remember it, and once recalled it somewhere. Next time we met, Cyril stared at me, in his fashion, for some seconds unblinkingly, then suddenly blinked and said: 'Stephen, if you search your memory long enough, you'll find you thought of everything.'

It was really quite unnecessary for there to be an alternative editor for Connolly. The magazine was so entirely *him* that, almost from the first, it seemed a projection of his personality – a mixture of civilised taste, nostalgia, keen satire, whimsy, persistent frivolity, and a peculiar kind of underlying passion. He was mad about each new issue, and all his sense of perfectionism went into producing the perfect number. When a new number came out he would stuff a few copies into his coat pocket, rush to some dinner party and, the moment he entered the room, press it upon his hostess. Peter Watson said to me: 'You know why Cyril's such a marvellous editor? He's like a brothel-keeper. Everything that appears in *Horizon* is like a girl specially chosen by him, and he, at the centre of it, emanates the bitchiness of the whole house.' This was, it will be agreed, the polar opposite of the achievement of *Scrutiny*.

Horizon and Connolly merged, became a single personality, pleasing and exasperating readers. *Horizon*-Connolly was like some Falstaff or Bardolph or Pistol who supports the king and the patriotic cause but follows up saluting his superiors with cocking a snook at them; is forever puncturing the official phraseology in which the cause is advocated; grumbles endlessly at the conditions of war, and insistently states the terms on which his loyalty can be obtained. *Horizon*-Connolly's terms were of course more highbrow than those of Falstaff, Bardolph or Pistol. They are those of the Artist who requires that the aims of the war should permit *Horizon*-Connolly effortlessly to exhibit genius. These conditions are laid down in Connolly's first 'Comment':

> Our standards are aesthetic, and our politics are in abeyance. This will not always be the case, because as events take shape the policy of artists and intellectuals will become clearer, the policy which leads them to economic security, to the atmosphere in which they can create, and to the audience by whom they will be appreciated. At the moment civilisation is on the operating table and we sit in the waiting room.

One has to read the whole of this Comment to get the full flavour. It is almost ludicrous in its assumption that everything should give place to the interests of the Artist, but it has a kind of effect, not wholly ludicrous, which is that of a real person talking – the *Horizon*-Connolly person.

Having exacted as a great favour a short story by Somerset Maugham for the first number, Cyril returned it to the author – who required no payment for it – after it had been set up in type. As far as I recall, the story was no worse than several other things we published by people with almost as distinguished names. The point, though, was that the rejection proved that Cyril had the determination to stand by his own taste, even at the cost of offending famous writers, and even if they were old friends.

In stories, poems, essays and reviewing, *Horizon* published some of the best work of the best writers of the time, selected in a way which exhibited Cyril's good – and sometimes his bad – taste. It also showed the remarkable flair of Peter Watson for modern art. Some interesting critical articles were published, notably Clement Greenberg's famous essay 'Avant Garde and Kitsch', but *Horizon* did not lay down critical standards. I don't know whether this was a good thing or a bad thing. But the danger with prescriptive magazines is of establishing a hierarchy in which the critical always seems more important than anything else, and the creative is taken by the reader to provide illustration for the critical views of the editors. The great and vivifying thing about *Horizon* was that a poem or a short story or an article expressing some point of view which was highly personal to the writer seemed more important, because more creative, than articles on politics (of which there were in fact a good many) or criticism.

The core of each number was the Connolly Comment, soft, hard, brittle, nutty, sweet or bitter – never straightforwardly serious. This gave public-minded ruminations by J. B. Priestley, Herbert Read and myself a very solemn look. The front half of Kingsley Martin's NEW STATESMAN would never have fitted in here. But *Horizon* could accommodate a good deal of George Orwell, looking not at all like the Leavis of the radical Left and the chastiser of the Parlour Pinks which he is often represented as being today, but writing on boys' weeklies and the art of Donald McGill, as well as discussing the war in his most speculative manner.

Horizon published a few masterpieces. A whole number was devoted to Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* (characteristically offered by Connolly to readers not as an exemplary classic but as a tremendous treat); some of the best of Auden's poems written during the war; and work by MacNeice, Day-Lewis, Norman Cameron, Dylan Thomas, Roy Fuller, Alun Lewis, John Betjeman. Apart from Laurie Lee and W. R. Rodgers, I don't think *Horizon* discovered any new poets. But this was the abysmal period of the now quite forgotten poets of the New Apocalypse movement – young men who wrote poems like the smouldering fag-ends dropped by Dylan Thomas.

Horizon was run on a shoe string, but, being edited by Cyril, a rather luxurious one, especially for the editors who received special editorial rates and meals at restaurants (but no salaries). I think that Peter Watson lost about £100 a month for the first few numbers of the magazine. The offices then were my flat at Selwayn Terrace in Bloomsbury. The équipe of *Horizon* (Cyril surrounded by a bevy of beauties – Sonia, Diana, Lys) provided a substitute marriage for me at a time when I was particularly lonely. The 16-year-old Lucian Freud drifted in and out of the office. Writers visited us all day long. Sometimes pilots from the Battle of Britain arrived saying that *Horizon* represented for them the values they were fighting for (I am sure that more of them felt this about John Lehmann's *New Writing*). In the later stages of the war *Horizon* opened up to the discovery of the literature of liberated France; and, after the war, with a special American number, to the discovery of what was to be the American writing and painting of the Fifties.

Horizon ended in 1950. What Peter had feared came to pass. Vistas opened up to Cyril beyond England. In any case he was bored and tired with editing. And why not? Twelve years with a magazine is enough for any man. Peter asked me whether I would take over *Horizon* and I said yes. Soon we discovered that Cyril was totally opposed to it continuing under any other editor, so we gave up the idea. After all, *Horizon* was the extension of Cyril's personality and it was far better that it should die after he left. During its existence one sensed – and people objected to – a high-pitched note of frivolity which was a continuum behind even its most serious pages. Now this very insistence on frivolity throughout the years of war and post-war England seems brave, if not exactly heroic. *Horizon* was a monument to the seriousness of the un-serious.

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Four-Wheel Drive

Abba: 'Abba – The Album' *Epic* £4.29

Abba's sweet million-selling music, like Sweden's other successful export, the Volvo, *is* smooth, well-made, and so safety-conscious that it hardly has any edge or character at all. Abba's wholesome foursome, with their highstreet-styled hairdos (a far cry from punk sedition) and healthy outdoor smiles, were the winners of the Eurovision Song Contest a few years ago, with *Waterloo*, and they have been churning out Euro-packed hits and raking in the currency ever since. Backed by their *éminence grise* and chief hustler Stig Anderson, they set out to conquer the world; with their new album a certified platinum success weeks before release, and equal promise for a film opening in the West End (and the rest of the universe) next month, it looks as though the campaign has paid off.

Abba provide ideal family entertainment, a reassuring antidote to the creeping decadence of rock, but never without taste, and always presented in the finest musical wrapping. They produce perfect fodder for Top-40 radio: insistent melodies that quickly get hooked inside the most resilient brain, simple lyrics that hover carefully on the edge

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of bubblegum inanity. There is, however, nothing second-rate about their music: even to sophisticated or purist rock'n'roll ears, it has an irressitible quality, which is derived from accessibility and flawless production.

The group pillage just about every style thrown up in two decades of rock history, with echoes of all the mass-appeal hit-makers, from the Beatles and the Beach-boys to the Mamas and the Papas and the Supremes. Like all great pop artists, they cover their tracks well, synthesising their many sources of inspiration with clear instinctive skill. They rock – or more often bounce, with a good deal less eroticism – softly, with all the decorum of a U movie. The electric guitars – preserved in lip-service to the genre – are usually smothered beneath layers of synthesised strings or multi-tracked vocals. They have elevated the middle of the road to a cult, and there is no doubt that they do it with consummate panache.

The full sweep of Abba's abilities is well illustrated on *The Name of The Game*, their most recent hit, included on the album, a dramatically constructed song with distinct movements and mood changes and an interesting range of sound textures. It is music which has strong surface attraction: it glitters with cleverness and charm, qualities which are bound to satisfy consumers and, more important, keep them asking for more. Abba's hits – perhaps less like the Volvo, this time – come with their own built-in obsolescence.

Abba also sell millions of records because they communicate such a strong feeling of carefree joy and boundless hope, no matter what they are singing about. Their speciality is the Abba oompah, a wall-to-wall embrace full of exaggerated echo (as in all the classics from the Beach Boys and Phil Spector). Songs like *Eagle* and *One Man One Woman* are about sunsets on a golden horizon and escaping to the promised land, but it is hardly a new world with much reality. It has nothing to do with the peace-and-love utopia of the Sixties: it is a manufactured hint of heaven, to be consumed along with the disposable song, and never truly lived. Abba offer the gleam of an endless sunny day to all those trapped in the concrete jungle.

They are so good at making muzak that their songs have grown into the background music of the coca-cola culture. The group are Swedish, and the records are made in Sweden, but they might as well come from any town in the world with a hamburger joint and a Holiday Inn. With their multi-national pop, they are a guarantee against culture shock, a comfort to jet-age execs and travelling salesmen. When Abba sing in *Move On*, a hymn to travel, that 'life is motion' they run into an uncomfortable paradox: the age of the jumbo-jet holiday (and think of all those packaged Scandinavians pouring into West Africa) may provide a seemingly endless supply of new horizons, but it is the succesful marketing of bands like Abba which is helping to erode further the remains of local cultures. If Abba continue to make homogenised hits at the rate they are doing today, there just may not be any fresh vistas left for any of us to dream about.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Taking the Mick

Kingdom Come *King's Head*
Says I, Says He *Theatre Upstairs*
The Cherry Orchard *Riverside Studios, Hammersmith*

There comes a point in the life of any subject when there's so little left to be said directly about it that a canny playwright will turn to metaphor and parable in order to camouflage his repetition; and it seems to be Stewart Parker's thesis that this stage has already been reached with the agonies of Northern Ireland. Hence his *Spokesong*, which identified the history of that splintered province with the ups and downs of a Belfast bicycle shop, and quaintly implied that the Orange order and the IRA need only take to two wheels for peace to be promptly restored, since nothing but good could come from those astride so potent a symbol of innocence. Hence *Kingdom Come*, which transports Ulster to the Caribbean and rechristens it 'Macalla', a British protectorate on the brink of celebrating 300 years of allegiance to the Crown.

The disguise is flimsy, perhaps too flimsy. After all, a song called *Crossmaglen and Hope to Die* is not likely to be on many people's lips in calypso country. Nor are references to Gaelic football and jokes about tourist ads reading 'come to Macalla for a man's life in the British army'. Nor would one expect to run into revolutionary clerics with names like Father O'Prey. Still, it would no doubt have been difficult for Mr Parker to sustain his happy-go-lucky style in a more literally conceived Ulster. Gunpowder, treason and plot don't provoke too many snickers in the Shankill or Falls. But in this sun-blessed setting firebombs seem no more menacing than fireworks, and 'coup' is scarcely more than a noise made by turtle doves as they circle smiling piccaninnies. One faction on the jubilee committee can use the Queen's coming visit as an opportunity to seize power on behalf of the local oppressed. Another, consisting of members of the right-wing 'Union Party', can organise a loyalist strike to bolster its faltering influence. The fusty imperialists in Government House can play each side off against the other. And still we can gurgle amiably into our red wine or real ale, happy as sandboys in the cosy playpen of the King's Head.

It is a likeable shambles, jauntily played by Des Geogh, Cy Grant and others, but nothing much more. The metaphor reduces, lightens, trivialises. No one is likely to walk away from the last song – *I'm going to make my own life, I'm going to wear the crown* – with a new hatred of sectarian paranoia, a revived reliance on personal instinct, though these are presumably what Mr Parker means to propagate. But you might conceivably leave *Says I, Says He* in some such spirit. The author of this, Ron Hutchinson, claims to be 'probably the best playwright ever from Mullaghbuoy'; and if he abandoned caution, and declared himself the best playwright ever from Enniskillen or even Ballygally, I for one would not accuse him of presumption. His play promotes individualism without pomposity or fuss, and, not incidentally, proves that it is still possible to be interesting about Northern Ireland without giving the place handlebars or whisking it off to the south seas. A dramatist of imagination and sensitivity has no need of arcane metaphor, however well-traversed his subject.

Hutchinson possesses those two qualities in abundance, though he is certainly not without his influences. The stumbling footsteps of Brendan Behan and (to a lesser extent) those of Synge and O'Casey are to be heard echoing in his tale of the two Ulstermen who come to England to make their fortunes, only to find their destinies still in the grip of an all-watching, all-oppressive UDA. Mr Hutchinson's Pete Hannafin, the shoddy Falstaff of the building site, the reeling Woyzeck of the dosshouse, is a particularly ebullient representative of the great tradition of Irish drama. He waddles podgily through London threatening to join 'the League of Baptist Bolsheviks', and sounds no more plausible when he's lured back to Ulster, dressed in cap and dark glasses, and trained to be an assassin. He's a blend of dreamer and realist, joker and melancholic, and, in Mr Hutchinson's view, the sort of no-hoper who brings hope to a world where even the most gruesomely lawless of cabals can demand, and successfully demand, unquestioning conformism from their followers. James Duggan, face like a slab of stone vandalised from Stonehenge, guts spilling out of his belt like an overheated Irish stew, shambles through the part as benignly and innocuously as the boy Behan on his first, doomed bombing sortie to Liverpool: a fetching performance, a captivating play.

The latest *Cherry Orchard* occurs on a vast, gold-brown parquet floor that appears to have run amok, and decided to become a parquet wall as well: a daunting space, which tends to make the cast look marooned, as if it were taking afternoon tea in the middle of a wheat-field built of wood, and obliges even Philip Locke's frail and querulous Gayev to take his exits at a canter, as if he'd been stung by a bee. But Peter Gill's production does its best to make a merit of its problems – for instance allowing the sound of the party in Act Three or the treefellers in Act Four to echo across and around the converted studios, behind and beneath the audience – and gets good, measured performances in the smaller as well as the larger parts. Judy Parfitt's Ranevskaya is beautifully liquid and demonstrative, and Julie Covington's Varya, belying her pale and heavy dough-face, scarcely less sentient; but even Yasha, so often reduced to a prolonged combination of wince and sneer, and hitherto seen by me as the nastiest piece of work Chekhov ever created, has something to be said for him. As Leigh Lawson plays the part, he's more insecure than smug, more imaginative than malicious, more stolid than mean: a lead balloon pathetically anxious to soar and float with the nobs. A cliché rescued for reality.

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Television

Russell Davies

Grits 'n' Gravy

The BBC reporter Denis Tuohy was in Plains, Georgia, the night Jimmy Carter was elected 39th President of the United States, and in *Do ya know where Jimmy Carter lives*? (BBC-1) he went back to see how much of the town had since disappeared under heaps of grinning effigies and souvenir plastic peanuts. It was a highly instructive visit, once Denis had got the 'I was there' stuff out of his system. Plains is just one of those ratty little straggling places with a bulb-on-legs water tower, but the closer you looked, the odder it got. The water tower, for example, bristled with aerials and reflecting discs, connected to nearby prefabricated outhouses belonging to the major TV news networks: an investment in folksiness. On Main Street, a bus disguised as an old-style locomotive, the 'Peanut Express', bumbled to and fro, laden with deeply impressed success-worshippers. A guide pointed out sundry shrines, where Carters old and new had lived, played ball, died. And this was not the worst of it. Up the road a piece, Tuohy found a lurking out-of-town entrepreneur nursing his plans to establish a sort of holiday estate on the Butlin principle, but with Carter-goggling as the big entertainment attraction. If my notes can be believed, this plump opportunist claimed to own 'the house where Amy Carter's nursemaid killed her boyfriend'. He intended to make a goggling-arcade of that as well. It might be said, Denis gently suggested, that the project was in bad taste. 'Bah who?' came the reply, quick as a kick and just as heedless of grammar.

Back on Main Street, shops were visited, and distressing Carterial artefacts picked over. An ex-provision merchant explained that he had given up stocking meat, but had kept his freezer on, against the day when the Peanutters vacated the White House. Even so, trade was not expected to slacken off completely after that time. Research in the home towns of recent presidents indicated that they were all still pulling in the tourists, right back to Independence, Missouri, where Truman came from. The star turn among the shops, though, was the one whose proprietor had refused to become a peanut vendor. This was The Store That Didn't Change, billed as such on a prominent signboard. One was prepared to concede, in this case, that there was something to be said for conservatism – until, sure enough, it emerged that the unchanging store-owner was also a Deacon of the local Baptist church, and thus a hard-line excluder of blacks. This church business, an ongoing source-of-embarrassment situation for the Carters, has got worse rather than better. A breakaway group of more progressive souls was shown making cautious integrational noises at an open-air service, but I didn't spot any black invitees. What does the President have to say about all this? Somebody asked him, when he dropped by on a flying visit to check over the nut farms with brother Billy. His answer was that God would take care of it. Pious neutrality, apparently, is still the best we can expect from a man 'raised on grits'n'gravy'.

For contrast and complement, there was Desmond Wilcox's *Americans* series, which, after last week's risky flirtation with the charms of big business, consolidated itself impressively with a look at the life of Gerri Feemster, a young, pretty and articulate black teacher up in New York from South Carolina. Operating in the 'siege conditions' of a Harlem school – guards and walkie-talkies everywhere – she was doing fine until late in the programmes, when she got fired. The official from the Board of Education gave her a lot of flannel about 'what I have in mind for you', but what he had in mind for her was the sack. The city couldn't afford her; she was a remedial rather than a strictly staff teacher, so bye-bye. The fact that some Harlem classes have got to the stage where they could do with two remedial teachers per pupil cuts no ice with the authorities at all. The rather oleaginous fatalism of the principal didn't help either. So it was a deeply pessimistic programme, brightened only by the highly attractive courage of Ms Feemster herself. Anger on her behalf was the main emotion generated, followed by despair about Harlems in general, a community existing for no better reason than that it is trapped there, devouring itself. Good work by Mr Wilcox and his team, though they saw, not surprisingly, only the more charming faces of

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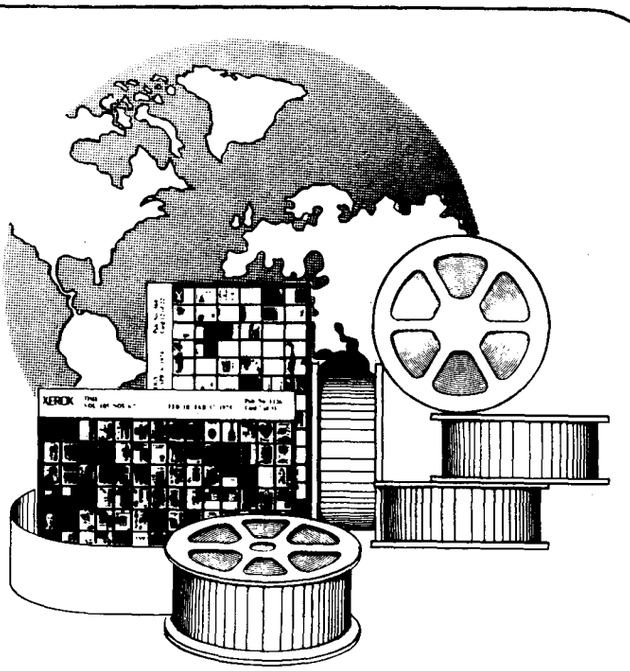

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delinquency, like the girl who favoured the 'photo' course at school because you could 'light up in the dark-room'.

Reactions to the two prominent drama series that began this week are obviously going to depend to an unusual extent on the appeal of their central figure. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (BBC-2) has Alan Bates, with all that that entails. Bates presents strange problems to technicians and audience alike, since he has to be quite heavily made up in order to appear anything like the age he really is (47-ish). So he was highly believable, in episode one, as a drunkard in his twenties, but 20 years on looked as though he had had his head recently dunked in a tub of Fuller's Earth. His mannerisms are ineradicable, and a Wessex accent emphasises them – particularly the way he squawks at people, challengingly and with a beady eye, like a combination of Long John Silver and his parrot. All the same, this was a good start, with Anne Stallybrass keening expertly away already. Dennis Potter's adaptation made this first instalment an almost self-contained little circular short-story. If Hardy had been the heart-warming type, he might have left it at this. It's only because he was such a misery that we have six more episodes to look forward to with dread and a box of man-size tissues.

As for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (STV), I can't really see why this subject has been taken up again, but Geraldine McEwan certainly yanked out the stops in an attempt to drown out the memory of earlier Brodies. Being an odd, pale, button-nosed and wild-eyed person of distinctly weird charm, she perhaps need not have leant so heavily on the vocal eccentricities ('my *ghurlls*') which made her sound like a blanched Eartha Kitt. But why not, I suppose. *Parkinson* (BBC-1) risked opprobrium by parading a trio of extreme oldsters – at 91, Ben Travers was the youngest – and inviting us to be endeared. But we ended up impressed instead, so M.P. was vindicated. Travers and Manny Shinwell traded insults with the genial abandon of those who have nothing to lose. Travers's technique was the subtler. 'You used to be a controversial figure,' he reminded Shinwell ruefully, and look what a lovely old chap you are now.'

Cookery

Hilary Spurling

Oringe Rindes

Marmalade, one of our best and oldest culinary inventions, goes back presumably to the first shiploads of oranges from Seville; and, since the season for Seville oranges is still very short, marmalade must be made now or never. But it is only a century or so since cheap fruit and sugar put orange marmalade on every British breakfast table. Before that marmalades – made from practically any fruit, boiled very thick and stored in boxes – were dinner-table delicacies. Here is a Spanish marmalade, recorded at the turn of the 18th-century by the Lady Eleanor Fettiplace and acknowledging only the remotest connection with anything passing under that name today. It is a rich and costly sweetmeat made of dried fruit and almonds, flavoured with roses enriched with sheet gold and powdered pearls – the kind of thing one imagines being served up with the marchpane and sugar plums to Gertrude and her blowt king at their nightly feasts in Elsinore:

To make Spanish marmalad

Take five sponfulls of rose water and seaven sponfulls of suger finely beaten, make yt boyle you must have redy by you two handfulls of almondes blanced and finely grownd, with 15 or 16 dates ye stones and whightes taken out, and your dates cut smale and beaten in a morter, then mixe your dates and almondes well together, then put yt in your Sirrope stirringe yt well together, then take on sponfull of pouder of sinamond, halfe a sponfull of ye pouder of pearles, three sheets of Golde, stirr all theise well, but you must take yt first from the fire or else yt will bee to stiffe that you cannot mingell yt, before yt been through cold put yt upp into a marmalad boxe.

Even without the gold and pearls, this makes a delicious dark sticky sweet somewhere between toffee and fudge in consistency. Boil the syrup (I take the Jacobean 'sponfull' as roughly equivalent to a modern tablespoonful) in a heavy-bottomed pan till it is quite thick; mix the ground almonds and chopped dates to a smooth paste with a wooden spoon, working in the syrup little by little; then boil the whole mixture, stirring all the time, till it begins to candy and come away from the edges of the pan. Now add a level dessertspoonful of powdered cinnamon (and taste before adding any more). Pour the marmalade out on to a greased tin or flat dish, cut it in squares when cold, and store in an airtight tin.

Lady Fettiplace gives nearly a dozen recipes for more conventional marmalades – 'ruff marmalade', 'redd marmalade', marmalades of quinces, apricots, pears, cherries, grapes and raspberries. She also includes a confection of oranges and apples which, nearly four centuries later, still makes a fine breakfast marmalade:

To make Oringe Marmalad

Take your Oringe Rindes pare them and boyle them untill they bee very softe, then take them out of the water and bray them very smale in a morter, then take fair water some sugar & the juice of 3 or 4 Oringes boyle and scum yt, then put in your Oringe stuffe, Let yt boyle a quarter of an hower then pour yt out and let yt stand, to a pound of Oringes you must take a pound of pipines pared and cored and to every pound of pipines a pound of sugar and a pint of water. Let the water and sugar boyle and bee scumed and then put in your pipines and boyle them till they are very tender then breake them to peeces and put your Oringe stuffe to them. Let them boyle together still stirring of yt untill yt will Cut.

Quantities for this marmalade are roughly two pounds of Seville oranges to two pounds of apples, two quarts of water and four pounds of sugar. Thinly peel the oranges and simmer the rind in water till it is tender enough to pierce with a skewer or straw. Keep the water to make your syrup (unless you dislike a bitter marmalade), and shred the rind with a sharp knife (thin strips suspended in the greeny-yellowy jam look and taste better than the little orange blobs you get if you pound the rind in a mortar). Make the sugar and water into a syrup. Mix half this syrup with the juice of the oranges, let it boil and remove the scum with a metal spoon; put in the strips of orange peel, boil for another 15 minutes and leave to stand. Now stew the peeled, cored and sliced apples gently in the other half of the syrup. Put the two mixtures together in a preserving pan and boil briskly till the jelly sets in the usual way – or keep on boiling, if you prefer a fruit paste you can cut with a knife in the Jacobean manner.

Weekend Competition

No 2499 Set by Joyce Johnson

It's time, as we build up to No 2500, for a self-regarding comp. An acrostic verse of 12 lines, please, spelling NEW STATESMAN down the left-hand side. The subject is up to you; by 10 February.

Result of No 2496 Set by Johnny Option

We appealed to the genealogists among you to help us trace the far-flung members of the Tupper family – that vast and naughty brood who are always given nicknames: thus, the window cleaner who chews gum all day to aid concentration is known as 'Wrigley' Tupper.

Report by Ben Trovato

What a gregarious bunch the Tuppers turned out to be: almost 150 of you wrote in to tell us of your meetings with them. Some members of the family proved to be extremely popular – the glue manufacturer 'Sticky', the heroin dealer 'Smuggly', the garage mechanic 'Jacky', the glazier 'Putty', the professional snob 'Stuffy', the American cousin 'Yankee', and the forgetful NS reader 'Lefty' – so we couldn't give you any reward for spotting them. However, some of your sightings were of rarely-noticed specimens, and indicated an impressive amount of forward planning on your part. We were going to say a quid a quip; alas, the Editor, white-faced with disgust, reduced the sum to a mere Wilson apiece.

The subtle chef de cuisine: Crêpe Tupper
The 'photographic model': Leica Tupper
The skilled trapper: Furs Tupper
The Ultimate Viking: Lars Tupper
TOM DONNELLY
The Polish coin collector: Zloty Tupper
FRANK ANDERSON
The baroque art historian: Putti Tupper
G. T. N. WILKINSON
The weightlifter: Mighty Getty-Tupper
The antiquarian: Musty Getty-Tupper
The farmer: Dairy Getty-Tupper
KINGSLEY AMIS
The helicopter pioneer: Whirly Tupper
ROBERT CONQUEST
The evangelist: Cranky Tupper
TEIFION DAVIES
The rag-time piano player: Plonky Tupper
JANICE DAVIES
The plumber: Faucet Tupper
DAVID MCDOUGALL

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The darling of the smart set: Poppet Tupper
SALLEY BROWN
The two football hooligans: Boo Tupper and Hotspur Tupper M. MUTTON
The sugar-daddy: Pa 'Toffee' Tupper
RICHARD BROKE
The organiser of an ex-servicemen's charity: Poppy Tupper NAOMI MARKS
Two members of the Irish branch of the family: Proddy Tupper and R. C. Donleavy Tupper
J. SENRAB
The Italian cook: Gnocchi Tupper
MIKE DAUB
The surveyor: Inchy Tupper
The small-ad salesman: Inserty Tupper
ROD WOODSTOCK
The petrol pump attendant: Filly Tupper
CLIVE JACQUES
The racing-dog breeder: Whippet Tupper
The homeless traveller: Stray Tupper
R. J. MACLEOD
The lethargic traffic warden: Parky Tupper
ANDREW PAUL
The slow bowler: Lobby Tupper P. FOOT
The Soviet sympathiser: Beria Tupper
B. HOWLER
The dapper man about town: Snappy Tupper
V. F. CORLEONE
The Cockney who assaults French policemen: Flic-'it Tupper ANDREW TOWNLEY
The former weakling: Atlas Tupper
WAYNE SIDESADDLE
The bridge player: Doubly Tupper
S. E. WOODS
The pools-winner: Jammy Tupper
RACHEL ZAWADZKI
The diminutive dance-band leader: Loss Tupper
MORAY MCGOWAN
The nursery-rhyme freak: Humpty Tupper
MALCOLM H. COXHEAD
The ambitious brother with the large, multi-coloured nose: Toucan Getty-Tupper
I. SHAW
The ancient lecher: Oldie Tupper
T CHEVALLIER
The famous Irish sportsman: Hurley Tupper
MARY BROWN
The sinewy electrician: Wiry Tupper
The clock-repairer's assistant: Windy Tupper
WILLIAM GARLAND
The Australian cricketer: Packy Tupper
JANET LOGAN
The absent-minded Mogadon salesman: Kip Tupper TIM HOPKINS
The snooker fiend: Chalky Tupper
C. BENFIELD
The chronic truant: Hooky Tupper
BRIAN DAY
The insatiable *Elvis* fan: Proby Tupper
JACRON
The long-serving custodian of the uprights: Keepie Tupper JOHN LUCAS
The washer-upper: Sqezy Tupper
JOHN MELLORS
The Galsworthy addict: Forsyte Tupper
D. J. BENTLEY
The film buff: Movie Tupper
ANDREW WATERMAN
The cobbler: Shoe Tupper
DIANA CHARLTON
The carpenter and glazier: Woody-Putty Tupper
JOHN A. LORD
The footwear salesman: Shoe-Horny Tupper
The African who is crippled in both legs: Two-Limp Togati Tupper E. O. PARROTT
The ex-colonel: Mufti Tupper
IVOR LITTLEHAMPTON
The frequenter of Chinese restaurants: Wan Fu Tupper
The dendrologist: Woody Getty-Tupper
ROBERT MARKHAM

Tony Miles

Chess

No 68 The Winner at Hastings

This year's Hastings premier tournament was won by the Russian born Israeli Grandmaster Roman Dzindzihashvili. He made the creditable score of 10½ out of 14 without defeat. This is a fine result not only for him personally, but also for columnists like myself who need only mention the winner's name two or three times to complete their week's work. Second place was shared by Tigran Petrosian, who never really showed his best form, and Gyula Sax, who scored six wins, seven draws and a loss – in that order!

Jonathan Mestel made a fine result, coming fifth with 8½ points and scoring his second Grandmaster result. However, this does not give him the title. His two norms total only 23 games, the required total is 25, and although 24 has been accepted there is no precedent for 23. Furthermore one of his GM norms is already being used as his final IM norm, and cannot be used for both. This could be remedied by another IM norm, but by the time he achieves this his first IM norm will probably have expired! A confusing situation.

Jon Speelman scored his second IM norm but has the same 23 game problem. These are excellent results, but to repeat the point I made in my earlier column, if Keene, Stean and myself had been available and accepted invitations, would they have had the chance?

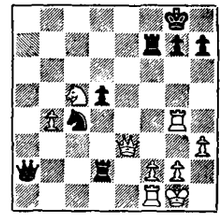
An efficient performance from the winner:

White: J. Tarjan Black: R. Dzindzihashvili

1. P-Q4, N-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. N-QB3, B-N5; 4. P-K3, P-B4; 5. B-Q3, N-B3; 6. N-B3, B x Nch; 7. P x B, P-Q3; 8. P-K4, P-K4; 9. P-Q5, N-K2; 10. N-R4, P-KR3; 11. P-B4, N-N3; 12. N x N, P x N; 13. 0-0, 0-0; 14. Q-K1, B-Q2; 15. Q-N3, Q-K1; 16. P-B5, P-KN4; 17. Q-B3, Q-R4; 18. Q-K3, P-R3; 19. B-Q2, P-N4; 20. QR-K1, P x P; 21. B-K2, Q-B2; 22. B x P, B-N4; 23. Q-Q3, KR-N1; 24. P-KR3, Q-N2; 25. B-B1, B x B; 26. Q x B, Q-N4; 27. Q-K2, Q x Q; 28. R x Q, R-N8; 29. K-B2, QR-N1; 30. K-K3, R(1)-N4; 31. K-Q3, R-R8; 32. R-QB2, P-B5ch; 33. K-K3, R(N)-N8; 34. R-K1, N-R4; 35. K-Q2, N-B5; 36. R-N1, N-Q6; 37. P-N3, K-B2; 38. R-B1, K-K2; 39. R-N1, K-Q2; 40. R-B1, P-QR4; 41. R-N1, N-B4; 42. R-K1, N-N6ch; 43. P x N, P x P; 44. R-N2, R-R7; 45. P-B4, P-R5; 46. R-K3, R (R) x Rch; 47. B x R, R x Bch Resigns.

Problem 68

White to play continued with 1. Q-K8ch. Comments please to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 8 February.



Solution to Problem 66

1 . . . R-B8ch! 2. Q x R, R x Pch; 3. K-N1 (or P x R, Q-R7 mate), R-R8ch; 4. K x R, Q-R1ch and 5 . . . Q-R7 mate.

Salamanca 2: 'Vade Mecum'

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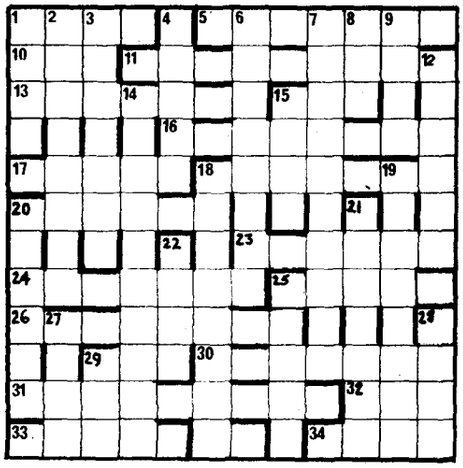

Eight answers are unclued and must be deduced by the solver, but when completed they can be arranged to form an invaluable guide.

ACROSS

1. May be fresh (but not at the start) damp and rainy in places (4).
5. Your obstacle-courser's one who forcibly flings himself over deterrent's top (7).
10. See freshwater fish born in poets' land (3).
13. In ancient Celtic times, a noble, his love, etc.? (7).
15. Number of francs (but not masses) that are obtained with secondary title (3).
16. Cure gene rot at cranial centre with X-ray dosage? (8).
17. Expectant pot-hunter is not surprised when heads of them are reared (5).
20. Range about mouth of Antirrhinum, bees, using them (6).
23. End of romance for all to see? Respectable girl named (6).
24. This five-armed fish (a flower-fish?) wallows in sea dirt (7).
25. Here are fertile spots, but there's not any water round about Sahara's edge (5).
29. As one doomed to die soon with eccentric and supernatural means (3).
30. Not constant, contending about a King (7).
31. Kind of blood deficiency's yield? Place with water flowing round (9).
32. She's consumed with responsibility for all our mischief (3).
34. Took off scrambled? Not half (4).

DOWN

2. Over small weight, small measure, society utters (8).
4. Capricious weather? Ah, turning out it was conditional (5).
6. Here's 'female', say, having done deed that's not observed (8).
8. Rumanian money in mercantile use (3).
9. In Spenser's tongue it's easy saying the letter S with a lisp (4).
12. See what business-men do with common name (7).
15. The green sickness of Shakespeare's, in New Version, read aloud (4).
18. One giving you ease to be still when involved in endless mental abstraction (8).
19. Patience, internally showing what she is? (8).
20. Have bags with length in them (6).
21. Erratically get the wrong number? This, as it happens, is a mild clumsiness (7).
22. Remove lid of near antique showing it to be circular (4).
25. Love's a respectful title given to prime chap for a name (5).
27. Expect Winnie's musical not to be poor one? (4).
28. Elderly, cold and heartless (4).
29. Screwy tail-spin? (3).

Solution to No 1249

C	L	E	O	P	A	T	R	A		S	I	S	A	L
R		M		A		E		N		U		W		A
A	R	B	U	T	U	S		T	A	N	G	I	E	R
M		A		H		T		O		D		M		G
P	O	R	C	E	L	A	I	N		O	O	M	P	H
		G				T		Y		W		E		E
C	L	O	S	U	R	E		M	I	N	A	R	E	T
A		N				E				E				T
T	H	E	R	M	O	S		F	A	R	R	A	G	O
C		A		A		I		O				N		
H	U	R	S	T		D	O	W	E	L	L	I	N	G
A		A		C		E		L		O		M		L
B	A	C	C	H	I	C		I	S	O	L	A	T	E
L		H		E		A		N		F		T		S
E	M	E	N	D		R	I	G	M	A	R	O	L	E

Prizewinners to No 1249

Andrew Tucker (Oxford)
V. P. Vittachi (Colombo)
Anna Jaffé (Birmingham)

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To research and document current Aboriginal man/land relationships and territorial organisation in Australia.

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Applicants should hold or expect to have a PhD in a relevant area of study within Anthropology or a related discipline and should have had previous experience in the field, preferably with Australian Aborigines.

Applications in writing, accompanied by the names of three referees, should be forwarded immediately to: **The Registrar, Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies, P.O. Box 553, Canberra City 2601, A.C.T., Australia.**

Engineering Policy

Salary c. £5,500

The Institution of Electrical Engineers requires a member of staff, who combines engineering or scientific knowledge with administrative ability and skill in communication, to support and service the Institution's Engineering Policy Board.

The person appointed will be responsible for helping to identify, and for research into, subjects of typical public concern upon which authoritative statements should be made on behalf of the electrical engineering profession; for preparing discussion papers on such subjects for consideration by the Board and assisting in drafting its reports; and for the general administration of the Board's activities.

The desirable qualifications for the post are a degree in engineering or science and a general interest in public affairs, coupled with the ability to write clearly and concisely, to understand statutory documents and their implications for the engineering profession, and to communicate easily with persons in senior positions in industry and elsewhere.

Application forms, quoting Reference: (2/N), may be obtained from

The Personnel Manager
THE INSTITUTION OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS
Savoy Place
London WC2R 0BL
Telephone: 01-836 9359

The closing date for this appointment is 17 February 1978

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Applications are invited for a Professorship of International Studies, tenable from a date to be arranged, which carries with it in the first instance the Chairmanship of the Department of International Studies.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, to whom applications (3 copies) naming three referees should be sent by 27 February 1978. Please quote Ref. No: 25/R/78.

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Department of Social Studies

LECTURER IN POLITICS

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Politics. Candidates should have a specialist interest in some aspect of Third World Politics. An ability to assist with political science methodology teaching would be an advantage. The appointment may be made at Lecturer II or Senior Lecturer level according to experience .

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Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Staff Office, Portsmouth Polytechnic, Alexandra House, Museum Road, Portsmouth, PO1 2QQ, to whom completed applications should be returned by 24 February 1978.

Please quote reference: T77.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

CHAIR OF SOCIAL WORK

Applications are invited for the above Chair, which falls vacant on 31 July 1978. The appointment carries the responsibilities of a head of department.

Further particulars from:
The Secretary,
The University, Aberdeen,
with whom applications (2 copies) should be lodged by
18 February 1978.

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Further details and appplication form from: Mr C. Padget, Kingsway Hall, London WC2B 6TA.

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Applications should be made, stating experience, to the **National Education Officer, Woodstock College, Woodstock Lane North, Long Ditton, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 5HN.**

CLOSING DATE: MONDAY 6 FEBRUARY 1978

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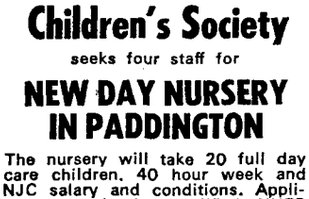

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Courses

Continued from p. 136

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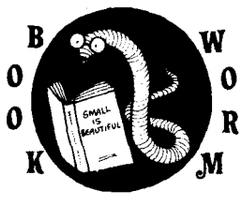

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Vol. 95 No. 2445

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Theatres

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. Congreve's 'The Way of the World', 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', Brecht's 'The Days of the Commune' in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse at Donmar Theatre in Charles Wood's 'Dingo', 'Macbeth' (sold out), James Robson's 'Factory Birds' (unsuitable for children). Also at Piccadilly Theatre from 2 Feb. in Peter Nichol's 'Privates on Parade' and at Savoy Theatre in 'Man and Superman'.

ALMOST FREE THEATRE. 485 6224. 'The Irish Hebrew Lesson' by Wolf Mankowitz. Sundays 2.30 & 4.0. Mon-Thurs. 1.15. Until 16 Feb.

BROADWAY THEATRE. 248 3836. 'Funny Relations' "did you hear the one about the Cockney, the IRA man and the National Front enthusiast . . . ?" New musical. Opens 7 Feb. 8 p.m. nightly.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. The "touchingly tentative sexuality" . . . (S. T.) of 'Penny Whistle' by Lawrence Doble directed by Nancy Meckler. Extended to 4 Feb.

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Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Visconti's 'The Innocent' (X). Progs at 2.05, 4.25, 6.45, 9.05.

Meetings

SAVE LONDON ALLIANCE. Open Meeting for all interested individuals and environmental groups who wish to fight with us the Local Elections, 4 May 1978, on environmental / anti-bureaucratic / non / political basis. Join us at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, Monday 30 January, 7-9 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'The Country Wife', 'The Lady from Maxim's', 'The Guardsman', 'Half Life', 'But You're a Woman!'. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded info. 928 2256.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. Until 4 Feb. 'Cinderella'.

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'EUROPE — WHY SOCIAL DEMOCRATS should Support a New Advance'. The Sixth Rita Hinden Memorial Lecture will be given by Rt Hon. Roy Jenkins, President of the European Commission. Chairman Rt Hon. W. T. Rodgers MP. Saturday 4 February, 2.45 for 3 p.m. Holborn Library Hall, Theobalds Road, London WC1. Tickets price 50p (*inc. refreshments*) at *Door, or in advance* (s.a.e. please) from Jess Tilling, Socialist Commentary, 77 New Bond St, London W1Y 9DB or Tel. 01-883 3537.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 31 Jan. 'Models and Theories in Science' by Professor L. R. B. Elton; 2 Feb. 'Signs, Symbols and Sounds in Rabelais' by Professor M. A. Screech.

MAURICE NIVEAU. Recteur de l'Académie de Lille, will give a lecture on 'L'Ecole et la contestation' on Tuesday 31 January at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. *Tel: 01-589 6211 ext.* 38. Admission free.

'THE THREAT TO MINORITIES on British Campuses'. Trevor Phillips of the NUS will speak at Young Mapam, 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Sun. 29 Jan. 8 p.m. Adm 50p.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. 1 February 7.30 p.m. Joint meeting with the Bow Group: 'The Welfare State: 30 Years After'. Speakers: Frank Allaun, Peter Bottomley. Committee Room 11, House of Commons.

'THE WEST AND SOUTHERN AFRICA'. Speakers: Richard Luce MP, Opposition spokesman on African Affairs and Johnson Ndlovu, a Zimbabwean at the Commonwealth Secretariat. 6.30 p.m. Tuesday 31 Jan. Adm. 25p for non-members of the RCS. 'Renewable energy sources and their importance to the Third World'. Speaker: Dr J. C. McVeigh, Brighton Polytechnic. A joint meeting with the London Branch of the Institute of Petroleum. 6.15 p.m. Thursday 9 Feb. Adm. 25p for non-members of the RCS. Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, WC2. 930 6733.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Sq., London SW1. Sat. 28 Jan. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 31 Jan. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 1 Feb. 6.30 p.m. — Tibetan Buddhism & Theravada Buddhism, two study classes. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 29 Jan. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. free pamphlet, talks programme, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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